



Arnoldus Verhaecken Delin:

Ægidius King sculpsit



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THE
CONSTANT COUPLE:
OR, A
Trip to the Jubilee.
A
COMEDY.
Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE,
By His MAJESTY's Servants.

The Sixth Edition; with a New SCENE Added
to the PART of Wildair; and a New
PROLOGUE.

by Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

*Sive favore tuli, sive hanc ego carmine famam
Jure tibi grates, candide lector, ago.*

Ovid. Trist. lib. 4. Eleg. 10.

L O N D O N:

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M DCCXXXV.

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To the HONOURABLE

Sir ROGER MOSTYN, Bar.

OF

Mostyn-Hall in Flintshire.

SIR,

IS no small Reflection on Pieces of this Nature, that Panegyrick is so much improv'd, and that Dedication is grown more an Art than Poetry ; that Authors, to make their Patrons more than Men, make themselves less ; and that Persons of Honour are forc'd to decline patronizing Wit, because their Modesty cannot bear the gross Strokes of Adulation.

But give me leave to say, Sir, that I am too young an Author to have learnt the Art of Flattery ; and I hope, the same Modesty which recommended this *Play* to the World,

The DEDICATION.

will also reconcile my Addresses to You, of whom I can say nothing but what your *Merits* may warrant, and all that have the Honour of your Acquaintance will be proud to vindicate.

The greatest *Penegyrick* upon you, SIR, is the unprejudic'd and bare Truth of Your Character; the Fire of Youth, with the *Sedateness* of a *Senator*, and the *Modern Gaiety* of a fine *English Gentleman*, with the Noble *Solidity* of the *Antient Briton*.

This is the Character, SIR, which all *Men*, but your Self, are proud to publish of You, and which more celebrated *Pens* than mine should transmit to Posterity.

The *Play* has had some Noble Appearances to honour its *Representation*; and to compleat the *Success*, I have presum'd to prefix so Noble a Name to usher it into the World. A stately *Frontispiece* is the Beauty of a Building. But here I must transverse *Ovid*:

Materia superabit Opus.

I am, Honourable SIR,

Your most Devoted, and

Humble Servant,

GEO. FARQUHAR.

P R E F A C E

T O T H E

R E A D E R.

 *N*affected Modesty is very often the greatest Vanity, and Authors are sometimes prouder of their Blushes than of the Praises that occasion'd them. I shan't therefore, like a foolish Virgin, fly to be pursu'd, and deny what I chiefly wish for. I am very willing to acknowledge the Beauties of this Play, especially those of the Third Night, which not to be proud of, were the height of Impudence: who is ashame'd to value himself upon such Favours, undervalues those who conferred them.

As I freely submit to the Criticisms of the Judicious, so I cannot call this an Ill Play, since the Town has allow'd it such Success. When they have pardon'd my Faults, 'twere very Ill Manners to condemn their Indulgence. Some may think (my Acquaintance in Town being too slender to make a Party for the Play) that the Success must be deriv'd from the pure

To the READER.

Merits of the Cause. I am of another Opinion: I have not been long enough in Town to raise Enemies against me; and the English are still kind to Strangers. I am below the Envy of great Wits, and above the Malice of little ones. I have not displeas'd the Ladies, nor offended the Clergy; both which are now pleas'd to say, that a Comedy may be diverting without Smut and Profaneness.

Next to these Advantages, the Beauties of Action gave the greatest Life to the Play; of which the Town is so sensible, that all will join with me in Commendation of the Actors, and also (without detracting from the Merit of others) that the Theatre-Royal affords an Excellent and Compleat Set of Comedians. Mr. Wilk's Performance has set him so far above Competition in the Part of Wildair, that none can pretend to envy the Praise due to his Merit. That he made the Part, will appear from hence, that whenever the Stage has the Misfortune to lose him, Sir Harry Wildair may go to the Jubilee.

A great many quarrel at the Trip to the Jubilee for a Misnomer: I must tell them, That perhaps there are greater Trips in the Play; and when I find that more exact Plays have had better Success, I'll talk with the Critics about Decorums, &c. However, if I ever commit another Fault of this Nature, I'll endeavour to make it more Excusable.

PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

POETS will think so nothing checks their Fury,
As Wits, Cits, Beaux, and Women for their JURY.
Our Spark's half dead to think what Medley's come,
With blended Judgments to pronounce his Doom.

'Tis all false Fear ; for, in a mingl'd Pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully writ,
His Neighbour i'th' Great Wig may take for Wit. }
Some Authors Court the Few, the Wise, if any ; }
Our Youth's content, if he can reach the Many ; }
Who go with much-like Ends to Church and Play, }
Not to observe what Priests or Poets say, }
No ! no ! your Thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another way. }
The Ladies safe may smile : for here's no Slander, }
No Smut, no Lewd-tongu'd Beau, no double Entendre. }
'Tis true, he has a Spark just come from France : }
But then so far from Beau — why he talks Sense ! }
Like Coin oft carry'd out, but — seldom brought from thence. }
There's yet a Gang, to whom our Spark submits, }
Your Elbow-shaking Fool, that lives by's Wits, }
That's only Witty, tho', just as he lives, by Fits. }
Who Lion-like, through Bayliffs, scours away, }
Hunts, in the Face, a Dinner all the Day : }
At Night, with empty Bowels, Grumbles o'er the PLAY. }
And now the Modish Prentice he implores, — }
Who, with his Master's Cash, stol'n out of Doors, }
Employs it on a Brace of — Honourable Whores : }
While their good Bulky Mother, pleas'd, sits by, }
Bar'd Regent of the Bubble Gallery.

Next

PROLOGUE.

Next, to our mounted Friends, we humbly move,
Who, all your Side-box Tricks, are much above,
And never fail to pays us—with their Love.
Ah Friends! Poor Dorset-Garden House is gone:
Our merry Meetings there are all undone.
Quite lost to us, sure for some strange Misdeeds,
That strong Dog Sampson's pull'd it o'er our Heads;
Snaps Rope like Thread; but when his Fortune's told him,
He'll bear, perhaps, of Rope, will one Day bold him:
At least, I hope, that our Good-natur'd Town,
Will find a Way to pull his Prices down.

Well, that's all! Now, Gentlemen, for the PLAY,
On second Thoughts, I've but two Words to say;
Such as it is, for your Delight, design'd:
Hear it, Read, Try, Judge, and speak as you find.



A New PROLOGUE.

In ANSWER to my very Good Friend, Mr. Oldmixon; who, having Two PLAYS Damn'd at the Old House, had a Mind to curry Favour, to have a Third Damn'd at the New.

TIS hard the Author of this PLAY in view,
Should be Condemn'd, purely for pleasing you:
charg'd with a Crime, which you his Judges, own
Was only this, that he has Pleas'd the Town.
He touch'd no POET's Verse, nor DOCTOR's Bills;
No Foe to B—re, yet a Friend to Wills.
No Reputation Stabb'd, by sour Debate;
Nor had a Hand in Bankrupt Brisco's Fate:
And, as an Ease to's Tender Conscience, vows,
He's none of those that Broke the 'other House:

In

PROLOGUE.

In perfect Pity to their Wretched Cheer,
Because his PLAY was Bad——he brought it here.
The dreadful Sin of Murder cries aloud ;
And sure those Poets ne'er can hope for Good,
Who dipp'd their Barb'rous Pens in that poor House's
Blood.

'Twas Malice all: No Malice like to Theirs,
To write Good PLAYS, purpose to starve the Players.
To starve by's Wit, is still the Poet's due ;
But, here are Men, whose Wit, is match'd by few ;
Their Wit both starves themselves, and others too.
Our PLAYS are Farce, because our House is Cramm'd ;
Their PLAYS all Good; For what?——because they're
Damn'd.

Because we pleasure you, you call us Tools ;
And 'cause you please your selves, they call you Fools.
By their Good Nature, they are Wits true Blue ;
And, Men of Breeding, by their Respects to you.
To engage the Fair, all other Means being lost,
They fright the Boxes with Old Shakespear's GHOST :
The Ladies of such Spectres should take heed ;
For, 'twas the DEVIL did raise the Ghost indeed.
Their Case is hard, that such Despair can stow ;
They've disoblig'd all Powers Above, they know ;
And now must bave Recourse to Powers Below.
Let Shakespear then lie still, Ghosts do no good ;
The Fair are better pleas'd with Flesh and Blood :
What is't to them, to mind the Antient's Taste?
But, the Poor Folks are Mad, and I'm in Haste.

Runs off.

Drammatis



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir <i>Harry Wildair</i> , An Airy Gentleman affecting humorous Gaity, and Freedom, in his Behaviour.	Mr. Wilks.
<i>Standard</i> , A Disbanded Colonel, Brave and Generous.	Mr. Powel.
<i>Vizard</i> , Outwardly Pious, otherwise a great Debauchee and Villainous.	Mr. Mills.
<i>Smuggler</i> , An old Merchant.	Mr. Johnson.
<i>Clincher</i> , A pert London Prentice turn'd Beau, and affecting Travel.	Mr. Pinkethman.
<i>Clincher</i> , jun. His Brother educated in the Country.	Mr. Bullock.
<i>Dicky</i> , His Man.	Mr. Norris.
<i>Tom. Errand</i> , A Porter.	Mr. Haines.

W O M E N.

<i>Lurewell</i> , A Lady of a Jilting Temper proceeding from a Resentment of her Wrongs from Men.	Mrs. Verbruggen.
<i>Lady Darling</i> , An old Lady, Mother to <i>Angelica</i> .	Mrs. Powell.
<i>Angelica</i> , A Woman of Honour.	Mrs. Rogers.
<i>Parley</i> , Maid to <i>Lurewell</i> .	Mrs. Moor.

Constable, Mob, Porter's Wife, Servants, &c.

S C E N E, L O N D O N.

T H E



THE

CONSTANT COUPLE.

ACT I.

S C E N E. *The Park.*

Enter Vizard with a Letter, Servant following.

V I Z A R D.

ANGELICA send it back unopen'd!
say you?

Servant. As you see, Sir.

Viz. The Pride of these virtuous Wo-
men is more unsufferable, than the Im-
modesty of Prostitutes—After all my Encouragement,
to flight me thus!

Serv. She said, Sir, That imagining your Morals fin-
cere, she gave you Access to her Conversation; but that
your late Behaviour in her Company has convinc'd her

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that your Love and Religion are both Hypocrisy, and that she believes your Letter like your self, fair on the out-side, foul within; so sent it back unopen'd.

Viz. May Obstinacy guard her Beauty till Wrinkles bury it; then may Desire prevail to make her curse that untimely Pride her disappointed Age repents—I'll be reveng'd the very first Opportunity—Saw you the old Lady *Darling*, her Mother?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and she was pleas'd to say much in your Commendation.

Viz. That's my Cue—An Esteem grafted in old Age is hardly rooted out. Years stiffen their Opinions with their Bodies, and old Zeal is only to be cozen'd by young Hypocrisy—Run to the Lady *Lurewell's*, and know of her Maid, whether her Ladyship will be at home this Evening; her Beauty is sufficient Cure for *Angelica's* Scorn.

[Exit Servant.

(*Viz. pulls out a Book, reads and walks about.*)

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. Ay, there's a Pattern for the young Men o'th' Times, at his *Meditation* so early; some Book of pious Ejaculations, I'm sure.

Viz. This *Hobbs* is an excellent Fellow! (*aside.*) O Uncle *Smuggler*! to find you at this End o'th' Town is a Miracle.

Smug. I have seen a Miracle this Morning indeed, Cousin *Vizard*.

Viz. What was it, pray Sir?

Smug. A Man at his Devotion so near the Court—I'm very glad Boy, that you keep your Sanctity untainted in this infectious Place; the very Air of this Park is heathenish, and every Man's Breath I meet, scents of Atheism.

Viz. Surely, Sir, some great Concern must bring you to this unsanctified End of the Town.

Smug.

Smug. A very unsanctified Concern, truly Cousin.

Viz. What is't?

Smug. A Law-suit, Boy — Shall I tell you? — My Ship the *Swan* is newly arriv'd from St. *Sebastian's*, laden with *Portugal Wines*: Now the impudent Rogue of a Tide-waiter has the Face to affirm, 'tis *French Wines* in *Spanish Casks*, and has indicted me upon the Statute — O Conscience, Conscience! these Tide-waiters and Surveyors plague us more with their *French Wines*, than the War did with the *French Privateers* — Ay, there's another Plague of the Nation —

Enter Colonel Standard.

A red Coat and Feather.

Viz. Col. Standard, I'm your humble Servant.

Stand. May be not, Sir.

Viz. Why so?

Stand. Because — I'm disbanded.

Viz. How? broke!

Stand. This very Morning, in *Hide-Park*, my brave Regiment, a thousand Men, that look'd like Lions Yesterday, were scatter'd, and look'd as poor and simple as the Herd of Deer that gras'd beside 'em.

Smug. Tal, al, deral (Singing) I'll have a Bonfire this Night as high as the Monument.

Stand. A Bonfire! thou dry, wither'd ill Nature; had not these brave Fellows Swords defended you, your House had been a Bonfire e'er this about your Ears — Did we not venture our Lives, Sir?

Smug. And did we not pay for your Lives, Sir? — Venture your Lives! I'm sure we ventur'd our Money, and that's Life and Soul to me — Sir, we'll maintain you no longer.

Stand. Then your Wives shall, old *Azeon*: There are five and thirty strapping Officers gone this Morning to live upon free Quarters in the City.

Smug. O Lord! O Lord! I shall have a Son within

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these nine Months born with a Leading-staff in his Hand
—Sir, you are—

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Sir, I say you are—

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Disbanded, Sir, that's all—I see my Lawyer yonder.

[Exit.]

Viz. Sir, I'm very sorry for your Misfortune.

Stand. Why so? I don't come to borrow Money of you; if you're my Friend, meet me this Evening at the *Rummer*, I'll pay my Way, drink a Health to my King, Prosperity to my Country, and away for *Hungary* To-morrow Morning.

Viz. What! you won't leave us?

Stand. What! a Soldier stay here! to look like an old Pair of Colours in *Westminster-Hall*, ragged and rusty! No, no—I met Yesterday a broken Lieutenant; he was ashame'd to own that he wanted a Dinner, but begg'd Eighteen-pence of me to buy a new Sheath for his Sword.

Viz. O, but you have good Friends, Colonel!

Stand. O, very good Friends! my Father's a Lord, and my elder Brother a Beau.

Viz. But your Country may perhaps want your Sword again.

Stand. Nay, for that Matter, let but a single Drum beat up for Volunteers between *Ludgate* and *Charing-Cross*, and I shall undoubtedly hear it at the Walls of *Buda*.

Viz. Come, come, Colonel, there are ways of making your Fortune at Home—Make your Addresses to the Fair, you're a *Man of Honour* and Courage.

Stand. Ay, my Courage is like to do me wondrous Service with the Fair: This pretty cross Cut over my Eye will attract a Dutches—
I warrant 'twill be a mighty Grace to my ogling—Had I us'd the Stratagem

gem of a certain Brother Colonel of mine, I might succeed.

Viz. What was it, pray?

Stand. Why, to save his pretty Face for the Women, he always turn'd his Back upon the Enemy——He was a Man of Honour for the Ladies.

Viz. Come, come, the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus* will never fail, you must get a *Mistress*.

Stand. Prithee, no more on't——You have awaken'd a Thought, from which, and the Kingdom, I wou'd have stoln away at once——To be plain, I have a *Mistress*.

Viz. And she's cruel.

Stand. No.

Viz. Her Parents prevent your Happiness?

Stand. Nor that.

Viz. Then she has no Fortune?

Stand. A large one, Beauty to tempt all Mankind, and Virtue to beat off their Assualts. *O Vizard!* such a Creature!—Hey dey! Who the Devil have we here?

Viz. The Joy of the Play-house, and Life of the Park. [Enter Sir Harry Wildair, crosses the Stage singing, with Footmen after him.] Sir Harry Wildair newly come from Paris.

Stand. Sir Harry Wildair! Did not he make a Campaign in Flanders some three or four Years ago?

Viz. The same.

Stand. Why, he behav'd himself very bravely.

Viz. Why not? Dost think Bravery and Gaiety are inconsistent? He's a Gentleman of most happy Circumstances, born to a plentiful Estate, has had a genteel and easy Education, free from the Rigidness of Teachers, and Pedantry of Schools. His florid Constitution being never ruffled by Misfortune, nor stinted in its Pleasures, has render'd him entertaining to others, and easy to himself——Turning all Passion into Gaiety of Humour, by

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which he chuses rather to rejoice his Friends, than be
hated by any; as you shall see.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha! *Vizard!*

Viz. Sir *Harry!*

Wild. Who thought to find you out of the *Rubrick* so
long? I thought thy *Hypoerify* had been wedded to a
Pulpit-Cushion long ago—Sir, if I mistake not your
Face, your Name is *Standard*.

Stand. Sir *Harry*, I'm your humble Servant.

Wild. Come, Gentlemen, the News, the News o'th'
Town; for I'm just arriv'd.

Viz. Why, in the City-end o'th' Town we're playing
the Knave to get Estates.

Stand. And in the Court-end, playing the Fool in
spending 'em.

Wild. Just so in *Paris*; I'm glad we're grown so *Modisb*.

Viz. We are all so reform'd, that Gallantry is taken
for Vice.

Stand. And *Hypoerify* for Religion.

Wild. *Alamode de Paris* agen.

Viz. Not one Whore between *Ludgate* and *Aldgate*.

Stand. But ten times more Cuckolds than ever.

Viz. Nothing like an Oath in the City.

Stand. That's a Mistake; for my *Major* swore a hun-
dred and fifty last Night, to a *Merchant's* Wife in her
Bed-chamber.

Wild. P'shaw, this is trifling; tell me News, Gentle-
men. What Lord has lately broke his Fortune at the
Groom-Porters? or his Heart at *New-Market*, for the Loss
of a Race? What Wife has been lately suing in *Doctors*
Commons for *Alimony*? or, What Daughter run away
with her Father's *Valet*? What Beau gave the noblest
Ball at the *Bath*, or had the finest Coach in the Ring? I
want News, Gentlemen.

Stand. Faith, Sir, these are no News at all.

Viz.

Viz. But pray, Sir Harry, tell us some News of your Travels.

Wild. With all my Heart——You must know then, I went over to *Amsterdam* in a *Dutch* Ship; I there had a *Dutch* Whore for five Stivers: I went from thence to *Landen*, where I was heartily drub'd in the Battle with the But-end of a *Swiss*-Musket. I thence went to *Paris*, where I had half a dozen Intrigues, bought half a dozen new Suits, fought a couple of Duels, and here I am again in *statu quo*.

Viz. But we heard that you design'd to make the *Tour of Italy*; what brought you back so soon?

Wild. That which brought you into the World, and may, perhaps, carry you out of it; a Woman.

Stand. What! Quit the Pleasures of Travel for a Woman!

Wild. Ay, Colonel, for such a Woman! I had rather see her *Ruell*, than the Palace of *Lewis le Grand*: There's more Glory in her Smile, than in the *Jubilee* at *Rome*, and I would rather kiss her Hand than the *Pope's Toe*.

Viz. You, Colonel, have been very lavish in the Beauty and Virtue of your *Mistress*, and Sir Harry here has been no less eloquent in the Praise of his: Now will I lay you both ten Guineas a-piece, that neither of them is so pretty, so witty, or so virtuous, as mine.

Stand. 'Tis done.

Wild. I'll double the Stakes——But, Gentlemen, now I think on't, How shall we be resolv'd? For I know not where my *Mistress* may be found; she left *Paris* about a *Month* before me, and I had an Account——

Stand. How, Sir! Left *Paris* about a *Month* before you!

Wild. Ay! But I know not where, and perhaps mayn't find her this Fortnight.

Stand. Her Name, pray, Sir Harry.

Viz. Ay, ay! Her Name? Perhaps we know her.

Wild. Her Name! Ay, —She has the softest, whitest Hand,

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Hand, that ever was made of Flesh and Blood; her Lips
so balmy sweet.

Stand. But her Name, Sir?

Wild. Then her Neck and Breast;—Her Breasts
do so heave, so heave. [Singing.]

Viz. But her Name, Sir, her Quality?

Wild. Then her Shape, Colonel.

Stand. But her name I want, Sir?

Wild. Then her Eyes, *Vizard.*

Stand. P'shaw, Sir *Harry*, her Name, or nothing?

Wild. Then if you must have it, she's call'd the Lady—But then her Foot, Gentlemen, she dances to a *Miracle*. *Vizard*, you have certainly lost your Wager.

Viz. Why you have lost your Senses; we shall never discover the Picture unless you subscribe the Name.

Wild. Then her Name is *Lurewell*.

Stand. 'SDeath, My *Mistress*. [Aside.]

Viz. My *Mistress*, by *Jupiter*. [Aside.]

Wild. Do you know her, Gentlemen?

Stand. I have seen her, Sir.

Wild. Canst tell where she lodges? Tell me, dear Colonel.

Stand. Your humble Servant, Sir. [Exit *Stand.*]

Wild. Nay, hold, Colonel, I'll follow you, and will know. [Runs out.]

Viz. The Lady *Lurewell* his *Mistress*! He loves her. But she loves me—But he's a Baronet, and I plain *Vizard*; he has a Coach and Six, and I walk on foot; I was bred in *London*, and he in *Paris*—That very Circumstance has murder'd me—Then some Stratagem must be laid to divert his Pretensions.

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Prithee, *Dick*, what makes the Colonel so out of Humour?

Viz. Because he's out of Pay, I suppose.

Wild. S'life that's true; I was beginning to mistrust some Rivalship in the *Cafe*. *Viz.*

Viz. And suppose there were, you know the Colonel can fight, *Sir Harry*.

Wild. Fight! Pshaw, but he can't dance, ha! We contend for a Woman, *Vizard!* S'life Man, if Ladies were to be gain'd by Sword and Pistol only, what the Devil should all the Beaux do?

Viz. I'll try him farther [*Afide.*] But wou'd not you, *Sir Harry*, fight for this Woman you so admire?

Wild. Fight! Let me consider. I love her, that's true—but then I love honest *Sir Harry Wildair* better. The Lady *Lurewell* is divinely charming—right—but then a Thrust i'th' Guts, or a *Middlesex-Jury*, is as ugly as the Devil.

Viz. Ay, *Sir Harry!* 'Twere a dangerous Cast for a Beau Baronet to be tried by a parcel of greasy, grumbling, bartering Boobies, who wou'd hang you purely because you're a Gentleman.

Wild. Ay! But on t'other Hand, I have Money e-nough to bribe the Rogues with: So, upon mature Deliberation, I wou'd fight for her—But no more of her. Prithee, *Vizard*, can't you recommend a Friend to a pretty *Mistress* by the by, till I can find my own? You have store I'm sure; you cunning poaching Dogs make surer Game than we that hunt open and fair. Prithee now, good *Vizard*,

Viz. Let me consider a little—Now Love and Revenge inspire my Politicks.

[*Afide.*]

[*Pauses, while Sir Harry walks Singing.*]

Wild. Pshaw! Thou'rt as long a studying for a new *Mistress*, as a Drawer is piercing a new Pipe.

Viz. I design a new Pipe for you, and wholesome Wine; you'll therefore bear a little Expectation.

Wild. Ha! Say'ft thou, dear *Vizard*?

Viz. A Girl of sixteen, *Sir Harry*.

Wild. Now sixteen thousand Blessings light on thee.

Viz. Pretty and witty.

Wild.

Wild. Ay, ay! But her Name, *Vizard*?

Viz. Her Name! Yes—she has the softest whitest Hand that ever was made of Flesh and Blood, her Lips so balmy sweet.

Wild. Well, well! But where shall I find her, Man?

Viz. Find her—But then her Foot, Sir *Harry*: She dances to a Miracle.

Wild. Prithee don't distract me.

Viz. Well then! You must know, that this Lady is the Curiosity and Ambition of the Town; her Name's *Angelica*. She that passes for her Mother is a private Bawd, and call'd the Lady *Darling*: She goes for a *Baronet's* Lady (no Disparagement to your Honour, Sir *Harry*) I assure you.

Wild. P'shaw, hang my Honour; But what Street, what House?

Viz. Not so fast, Sir *Harry*; you must have my Passport for your Admittance, and you'll find my Recommendation, in a Line or two, will procure you very civil Entertainment; I suppose twenty or thirty Pieces, handsomely plac'd, will gain the Point; I'll ensure her Sound.

Wild. Thou dearest Friend to a Man in Necessity—Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James's*, I'll walk a-cross the Park. [To his Servant.]

Enter Clincher Senior.

Clinch. Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James's*, I'll walk a-cross the Park too—Mr. *Vizard*, your most devoted—Sir, [to *Wildair*.] I admire the Mode of your Shoulder-knot; methinks it hangs very emphatically, and carries an Air of Travel in it; your Sword-knot too is most ornamentally *Modish*, and bears a *Foreign Mein*. Gentlemen, my Brother is just arriv'd in Town, so that being upon the Wing to kiss his Hands, I hope you'll pardon this abrupt Departure

of,

of, Gentlemen, your most devoted, and most faithful
humble Servant.

Wild. Prithee, dost know him?

Viz. Know him! Why 'tis *Clincher*, who was Ap-
prentice to my Uncle *Smuggler*, the *Merchant* in the
City.

Wild. What makes him so gay?

Viz. Why, he's in *Mourning* for his Father; the kind
old Man in *Hertfordshire* t'other Day broke his Neck a
Fox-Hunting; the Son, upon the News, has broke his
Indentures, whipp'd from behind the Counter into the
Side-Box, forswears Merchandize, where he must live by
Cheating; and usurps Gentility, where he may die by
Raking. He keeps his Coach, and Liveries, *Brace of*
Geldings, *Leads of Mistresses*, talks of nothing but Wines,
Intrigues, Plays, Fashions, and going to the *Jubilee*.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! How many Pound of Pulvil must
the Fellow use in sweetning himself from the Smell of
Hops and Tobacco. Faugh—I'my Conscience me-
thought like *Olivia's* Lover he stunk of *Thames-Street*.
But now for *Angelica*, That's her Name: we'll to the
Princess's Chocolate-House, where you shall write my
Passport. *Aloons.*

[*Exeunt.*



S C E N E, *Lady Lurewell's Lodgings.*

Lurewell, and her Maid Parly.

Lurewell. Parly, my Pocket-Book—let me see—*Ma-*
drid, Venice, Paris, London—Ah, *London!*
They may talk what they will of the hot Countries, but
I find Love most fruitful under this Climate—In a
Month's space have I gain'd—let me see, *Imprimis*,
Colonel Standard.

Parly.

Parly. And how will your Ladyship manage him?

Lure. As all Soldiers should be manag'd; he shall serve me till I gain my Ends, then I disband him.

Par. But he loves you, *Madam.*

Lure. Therefore I scorn him; I hate all that don't love me, and slight all that do: Would his whole deluding Sex admir'd me, thus would I slight them all. My virgin and unwary Innocence was wrong'd by faithless Man; but now glance Eyes, plot Brain, dissemble Face, lie Tongue, and be a secong *Eve* to tempt, seduce, and damn the treacherous Kind—Let me survey my Captives—The *Colonel* leads the Van—Next Mr. *Vizard*, he courts me out of the *Practice of Piety*, therefore is a Hypocrite: Then *Clincher* he adores me with *Orangery*, and is consequently a Fool: Then my old *Merchant*, *Alderman Smuggler*, he is a Compound of both—Out of which Medley of Lovers, if I don't make good Diverstion—What d'ye think, *Parly.*

Par. I think, *Madam*, I'm like to be very virtuous in your Service, if you teach me all those Tricks that you use to your Lovers.

Lure. You're a Fool, Child; observe this, that tho' a Woman swear, forswear, lie, dissemble, back-bite, be proud, vain, malicious, any thing, if she secures the main Chance, she's still Virtuous, that's a Maxim.

Par. I can't be persuaded tho', *Madam*, but that you really lov'd Sir *Harry Wildair* in *Paris*.

Lure. Of all the Lovers I ever had, he was my greatest Plague, for I could never make him uneasy; I left him involv'd in a Duel upon my Account, I long to know whether the Fop be kill'd or not.

Enter Standard.

O Lord, no sooner talk of Killing, but the Soldier is conjur'd up; you're upon hard Duty, *Colonel*, to serve your King, your Country, and a *Mistress* too.

Stand. The latter, I must confess, is the harder ; for in War, *Madam*, we can be reliev'd in our Duty : But, in Love, who wou'd take our Post is our Enemy : Emulation in Glory is transporting, but Rivals here intolerable.

Lure. Those that bear away the Prize in the Field, should boast the same Succes in the Bed-chamber ; and, I think, considering the Weakness of our Sex, we shou'd make those our Companions who can be our Champions.

Stand. I once, *Madam*, hop'd the Honour of defending you from all Injuries, through a Title to your Lovely Person ; but now my Love must attend my Fortune. This Commission, *Madam*, was my Passport to the Fair ; adding a Nobleness to my Passion, it stamp'd a Value on my Love ; 'twas once the Life of Honour, but now its Hearse ; and, with it, must my Love be bury'd.

Parl. What ! Disbanded, Colonel ?

Stand. Yes, Mrs. *Parly*.

Parl. Faugh, the nauseous Fellow, he stinks of Poverty already.

[*Afide.*]

Lure. His Misfortune troubles me, 'cause it may prevent my Designs.

[*Afide.*]

Stand. I'll chuse, *Madam*, rather to destroy my Passion by Absence Abroad, than have it starv'd at Home.

Lure. I'm sorry, Sir, you have so mean an Opinion of my Affection, as to imagine it founded upon your Fortune. And to convince you of your Mistake, here I vow, by all that's sacred, I own the same Affection now as before. Let it suffice, my Fortune is considerable.

Stand. No, *Madam*, no ; I'll never be a Charge to her I love : The Man that sells himself for Gold is the worst of Prostitutes.

Lure. Now were he any other Creature but a Man,
I could love him. [Aside.]

Stand. This only last Request I make, that no Title
recommend a Fool, Office introduce a Knave, nor a
Coat a Coward, to my Place in your Affections; so fare-
well my Country, and adieu my Love. [Exit.]

Lure. Now the Devil take thee for being so honour-
able: Here, *Parly*, call him back, I shall lose half my
Diversion else. Now for a Trial of Skill. [Re-enter Co-
lonel.] Sir, I hope you'll pardon my Curiosity; When
do you take your Journey?

Stand. To-morrow Morning, early, *Madam*.

Lure. So suddenly! which way are you designed to
travel?

Stand. That I can't yet resolve on.

Lure. Pray Sir, tell me; pray Sir, I intreat you;
why are you obstinate?

Stand. Why are you so curious, *Madam*?

Lure. Because—

Stand. What?

Lure. Because, I, I,—

Stand. Because! What, *Madam*?—Pray tell me.

Lure. Because I design—to follow you. [Crying.]

Stand. Follow me! by all that's great! I ne'er was
proud before; but Love from such a Creature might
swell the Vanity of the proudest Prince. Follow me!
By Heavens thou shalt not. What! expose thee to the
Hazards of a Camp—Rather I'll stay, and here
bear the Contempt of Fools, and worst of Fortune.

Lure. We need not, shall not; my Estate for both is
sufficient.

Stand. Thy Estate! no, I'll turn a Knave, and pur-
chase one my self! I'll cringe to that proud Man I un-
dermine, and fawn on him that I would bite to Death:
I'll tip my Tongue with Flattery, and smooth my Face
with Smiles; I'll turn Pimp, Informer, Office-broker,
nay

nay Coward, to be great; and sacrifice it all to thee, my generous Fair.

Lure. And I'll dissemble, lye, swear, jilt, any Thing but I'll reward thy Love, and recompense thy noble Passion.

Stand. Sir Harry, Ha, ha, ha, Poor Sir Harry; Ha, ha, ha, Rather kiss her Hand than the *Pope's* Toe. Ha, ha, ha.

Lure. What Sir Harry? Colonel, What Sir Harry?

Stand. Sir Harry Wildair, Madam——

Lure. What! Is he come over?

Stand. Ay, and he told me——but I don't believe a Syllable on't.

Lure. What did he tell you?

Stand. Only call'd you his *Mistress*, and pretending to be extravagant in your Commendation, would vainly insinuate the Praise of his own Judgment and good Fortune in a Choice——

Lure. How easily is the Vanity of Fops tickled by our Sex!

Stand. Why, your Sex is the Vanity of Fops.

Lure. O' my Conscience, I believe so. This Gentleman, because he danc'd well, I pitch'd on for a Partner at a Ball at *Paris*; and ever since he has so persecuted me with Letters, Songs, Dances, Serenading, Flattery, Foppery, and Noise, that I was forc'd to fly the Kingdom——And I warrant you he made you Jealous.

Stand. Faith, Madam, a little uneasy.

Lure. You shall have a plentiful Revenge, I'll send him back all his foolish Letters, Songs and Verses, and you your self shall carry 'em; 'twill afford you Opportunity of triumphing, and free me from his farther Impertinence; for of all Men, he's my Aversion. I'll run and fetch them instantly.

Stand. Dear Madam, a rare Project. How shall I

28 *The CONSTANT COUPLE: Or,*

bait him, like *Acteon* with his own Dogs—Well, Mrs. *Parly*, 'tis order'd by *Act of Parliament*, that you receive no more Pieces, Mrs. *Parly*—

Parl. 'Tis provided, by the same *Act*, that you send no more *Messages* by me, good Colonel; you must not pretend to send any more Letters, unless you can pay the Postage.

Stand. Come, come! don't be mercenary, take Example by your Lady, be honourable.

Parl. Alack a day, Sir, it shews as ridiculous and haughty for us to imitate our Betters in their Honour, as in their Finery; leave Honour to Nobility that can support it: We poor Folks, Colonel, have no Pretence to't: and truly, I think, Sir, that your Honour should be cashier'd with your Leading-Staff.

Stand. 'Tis one of the greatest Curses of Poverty, to be the Jeft of Chamber-maids.

Enter *Lurewell*.

Lure. Here's the *Packet*, Colonel, the whole *Magazine* of *Love's Artillery*. [Give him the *Packet*.]

Stand. Which, since I have gain'd, I will turn upon the Enemy. *Madam*, I'll bring you the News of my Victory this Evening. Poor Sir *Harry*: Ha, ha, ha.

[Exit.]

Lure. To the Right about, as you were: March, Colonel. Ha, ha, ha.

Vain Man, who boasts of study'd Parts and Wiles; }
Nature, in us, your deepest Art beguiles, }
Stamping deep Cunning in our Frowns and Smiles. }
You toil for Art, your Intellects you trace; }
Woman, without Thought, bears Policy in her Face.

ACT



A C T II.

S C E N E Clincher Junior's Lodgings.

Enter Clincher opening a Letter, Servant following.

C L I N C H E R—Reads,

Dear Brother;



Will see you presently. I have sent this
Lad to wait on you, he can instruct you
in the Fashions of the Town. I am your
affectionate Brother,

Clincher.

Very well; and what's your Name, Sir?

Dick. My Name is Dicky, Sir.

Clin. Dicky!

Dick. Ay, Dicky, Sir,

Clin. Very well; a pretty Name And what can you
do, Mr. Dicky?

Dick. Why, Sir, I can powder a Wig, and pick up
a Whore.

Clin. O Lord! O Lord! a Whore! Why are there
many Whores in this Town?

Dick. Ha, ha, ha, many Whores! there's a Question,
indeed; why, Sir, there are above five hundred Surgeons
in Town—Harkee, Sir, do you see that Woman there
in the Velvet Scarf, and Red Knots?

Clin. Ay, Sir; What then?

30 *The Constant Couple: Or,*

Dick. Why she shall be at your Service in three Minutes, as I'm a Pimp.

Clin. O *Jupiter Ammon!* why she's a Gentlewoman.

Dick. A Gentlewoman! why so are all the Whores in Town, Sir.

Enter Clincher Senior.

Clin. sen. Brother, you're welcome to *London*.

Clin. jun. I thought Brother, you ow'd so much to the Memory of my Father, as to wear Mourning for his Death.

Clin. sen. Why so I do, Fool; I wear this because I have the Estate, and you wear that, because you have not the Estate. You have Cause to mourn indeed, Brother. Well, Brother, I'm glad to see you, fare you well.

[Going.]

Clin. jun. Stay, stay, Brother; where are you going?

Clin. sen. How natural 'tis for a Country Booby to ask impertinent Questions. Harkee, Sir; Is not my Father dead?

Clin. jun. Ay, ay, to my Sorrow.

Clin. sen. No Matter for that, he is dead. And am not I a young powder'd extravagant *English* Heir?

Clin. jun. Very right, Sir.

Clin. sen. Why then, Sir, you may be sure that I am going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Clin. jun. *Jubilee!* What's that?

Clin. sen. *Jubilee!* Why the *Jubilee* is—Faith I don't know what it is.

Dick. Why the *Jubilee* is the same Thing with our *Lord-Mayor's-Day* in the City; there will be *Pageants*, and *Squibbs*, and *Rary-Shows*, and all that, Sir.

Clin. jun. And must you go so soon, Brother?

Clin. sen. Yes, Sir, for I must stay a Month in *Amsterdam*, to study *Poetry*.

Clin. jun. Then, I suppose, Brother, you travel through *Muscovy* to learn Fashions. Don't you, Brother?

Clin.

Clin. sen. Brother! Prithee Robin, don't call me Brother; Sir, will do every jot as well.

Clin. jun. O Jupiter Ammon! Why so?

Clin. sen. Because People will imagine that you have a Spight at me——But, have you seen your Cousin Angelica yet, and her Mother, the Lady Darling?

Clin. jun. No: My Dancing-Master has not been with me yet. How shall I salute them, Brother?

Clin. sen. P'shaw, that's easy; 'tis only two Scrapes, a Kiss, and Your humble Servant: I'll tell you more when I come from the Jubilee. Come along.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE Lady Darling's HOUSE.

Enter Wildair with a Letter.

Wild. **L**IKE Light and Heat incorporate we lay;
We blest the Night, and curst the coming Day.

Well, if this Paper-kite flies sure, I'm secure of my Game——*Humph!* the prittiest *Bordel* I have seen; a very stately genteel one (*Footmen cross the Stage.*) Hey day! Equipage too! Now for a Bawd by the *Curtefy*, and a Whore with a *Coat of Arms*——s'Death, I'm afraid I've mistaken the House.

Enter Lady Darling.

No; this must be the Bawd by her Bulk.

Darl. Your Business, pray Sir?

Wild. Pleasure, Madam.

Darl.

32 The CONSTANT COUPLE: Or,

Darl. Then, Sir, you have no Busines here.

Wild. This Letter, Madam, will inform you farther; Mr. *Vizard* sent it, with his humble Service to your Ladyship.

Darl. Hoes does my Cousin, Sir?

Wild. Ay, her Cousin too, that's right Procurers.

Darl. Reads, Madam—

E Arnest Inclination to serve—
Sir Harry — Madam —
Court my Cousin — Gentleman —
— Fortune — Your Lady-
ship's most Humble Servant,

Vizard.

Sir, your Fortune and Quality are sufficient to recommend you any where, but what goes farther with me, is the Recommendation of so sober a young Gentleman as my Cousin *Vizard*.

Wild. A Right *sanctify'd Bawd* on my Word.

Darl. Sir Harry, your Conversation with Mr. *Vizard* argues you a Gentleman, free from the loose and vicious Carriage of the Town; I'll therefore call my Daughter.

Wild. Now go thy way for an illustrious *Bawd* of *Babylon* — She dresses up a Sin so religiously, that the Devil would hardly know it of his Making.

Re-enter Darling with Angelica.

Darl. Pray Daughter use him civilly, such Matches won't offer every Day.

[Exit.

Wild. O all ye Powers of Love! An Angel! 'sDeath, What Money have I got in my Pocket? I can't offer her less than twenty Guineas — and, by *Jupiter*, she's worth a hundred.

Angel.

Angel. 'Tis he ! The very same ! And his Person agreeable as his Character, of good Humour.—Pray Heav'n his Silence proceed from Respect.

Wild. How innocent she looks ? How wou'd that Modesty adorn Virtue, when it makes even Vice look so charming ?—By Heav'n, there is such a commanding Innocence in her Looks, that I dare not ask the Question.

Angel. Now all the Charms of real Love and feign'd Indifference assist me to engage his Heart, for mine is lost already.

Wild. Madam— I, I—Zoons, I cannot speak to her— But she's a Whore, and I will— Madam, in short, I, I— O Hypocrisy, Hypocrisy ! What a charming Sin art thou ?

Angel. He is caught ; now to secure my Conquest— I thought, Sir, you had Busines to impart.

Wild. Busines to impart ! How nicely she words it ! Yes, Madam, don't you, don't you love singing Birds, Madam ?

Angel. That's an odd Question for a Lover— Yes, Sir.

Wild. Why then, Madam, here is a Nest of the prettiest Goldfinches that ever chirpt in a Cage ; twenty young ones, I assure you, Madam.

Angel. Twenty young ones ? What then, Sir ?

Wild. Why then, Madam, there are twenty young ones— S'life, I think twenty is pretty fair.

Angel. He's mad sure— Sir Harry, when you have learn'd more Wit and Manners, you shall be welcome here again.

[Exit.]

Wild. Wit and Manners !— I Gad, now I conceive there is a great deal of Wit and Manners in twenty Guineas— I'm sure 'tis all the Wit and Manners I have about me at present. What shall I do ?

Enter Clincher junior, and Dicky.

What the Devil's here ? another Cousin I warrant ye ! Harkee, Sir, Can you lend me ten or twenty Guineas instantly,

34 *The Constant Couple: Or,*
instantly, I'll pay you fifteen for them in three Hours
upon my Honour.

Clin. jun. These *London Sparks* are plaguy impudent!
This Fellow, by his Wig and Assurance, can be no less
than a Courtier.

Dick. He's rather a Courtier by his borrowing.

Clin. jun. Faith, Sir, I have not above five Guineas
about me.

Wild. What Business have you here then, Sir? For,
to my Knowledge, twenty won't be sufficient.

Clin. jun. Sufficient! for what, Sir?

Wild. What, Sir? Why, for that, Sir; What the
Devil should it be, Sir? I know your Busines, notwithstanding
all your Gravity, Sir.

Clin. jun. My Busines! Why my Cousin lives here.

Wild. I know your Cousin does live there, and *Vizard's* Cousin, and my Cousin, and every Body's Cousin.—*Harkee, Sir*, I shall return immediately, and if you offer to Touch her till I come back, I shall cut your Throat, Rascal.

[Exit.]

Clin. Why the Man's mad sure?

Dick. Mad, Sir? Ay, he's a Beau.

Clin. A Beau! What's that? Are all Madmen Beaux?

Dick. No, Sir! But most Beaux are Madmen. But now for your Cousin; remember your Three Scrapes, a Kiss, and your humble Servant.

[*Exeunt, as into the House.*]



S C E N E

ACT THE FIFTH

S C E N E. *The Street.*

Enter Wildair; Colonel following.

Stand. **S**I R Harry, Sir Harry.

Wild. I'm in hafte, Colonel: Besides, if you're in no better Humour than when I parted with you in the Park this Morning, your Company won't be very agreeable.

Stand. You're a happy Man Sir Harry, who are never out of Humour: Can nothing move your Gall, Sir Harry?

Wild. Nothing but Impossibilities, which are the same as nothing.

Stand. What Impossibilities?

Wild. The Resurrection of my Father to disinherit me, or an A&t of Parliament against wenching. A Man of eight thousand Pound *per Annum* to be vexed! No, no; Anger and Spleen are Companions for younger Brothers.

Stand. Suppose one call'd you Son of a Whore behind your Back.

Wild. Why then wou'd I call him Rascal behind his Back, and so we're even.

Stand. But suppose you had lost a Mistress.

Wild. Why then wou'd I get another.

Stand. But suppose you were discarded by the Woman you love; that wou'd surely trouble you.

Wild. You're mistaken, Colonel; my Love is neither romantically honourable, nor meanly mercenary, 'tis only a Pitch of Gratitude; while she loves me, I love her; when she desists the Obligation's void.

Stand.

36 *The CONSTANT COUPLE: Or,*

Stand. But to be mistaken in your Opinion, Sir, if the Lady *Lurewell* (only suppose it) had discarded you—I say, only suppose it—and had sent your Discharge by me.

Wild. P'shaw that's another Impossibility.

Stand. Are you sure of that?

Wild. Why 'twere a Solecism in Nature; we're Finger and Thumb, Sir. She dances with me, sings with me, plays with me, swears with me, lies with me.

Stand. How, Sir?

Wild. I mean in an honourable way; that is, she lies for me. In short, we are as like one another as a Couple of Guineas.

Stand. Now that I have rais'd you to the highest Pinnacle of Vanity, will I give you so mortifying a Fall, as shall dash your Hopes to Pieces—I pray your Honour to peruse these Papers. [Gives him the Packet.]

Wild. What is't, the Muster-Roll of your Regiment, Colonel?

Stand. No, no; 'tis a List of your Forces in your last Love-Campaign; and, for your Comfort, all disbanded.

Wild. Prithee, good metaphorical Colonel, What d'ye mean?

Stand. Read, Sir, read; these are the *Sybils* Leaves that will unfold your Destiny.

Wild. So it be not a false Deed, to cheat me of my Estate, what care I—[opening the Packet] Humph! my hand! To the Lady *Lurewell*—What Devil hast thou been tampering with to conjure up these Spirits?

Stand. A certain Familiar of your Acquaintance, Sir.

Wild. [Reading]—Madam, my Passion—so natural—your Beauty contending—Force of Charms—Mankind—Eternal Admirer *Wildair*! I never was ashamed of my Name before.

Stand. What, Sir *Harry Wildair* out of Humour? Ha,

ha, ha, poor Sir Harry; more Glory in her Smile, than in the Jubilee at *Rome*, ha, ha, ha; but then her Foot, Sir Harry, she dances to a Miracle! ha, ha, ha; Fy, Sir Harry, a Man of your Parts write Letters not worth keeping! what say'st thou, my dear Knight Errant? Ha, ha, ha; you may go seek Adventures now indeed.

Wild. Sings—Let her wander, &c.

Stand. You are jilted to some Tune, Sir, blown up with false Musick, that's all.

Wild. Now why should I be angry that a Woman is a Woman? Since Inconstancy and Falshood are grounded in their Natures, how can they help it?

Stand. Then they must be grounded in your Nature; for you and she are Finger and Thumb, Sir.

Wild. Here's a Copy of Verses too: I must turn Poet in the Devil's Name—Stay—S'death, What's here? This is her Hand—Oh the charming Character! My dear Wildair, [reading] That's I—this huff bluff Colonel—that's he—is the rarest Fool in Nature—the Devil be is! And as such have I us'd him—with all my heart, faith—I had no better way of letting you know that I lodge in *Pall-Mall*, near the Holy Lamb—Colonel, I'm your humble Servant.

Stand. Hold, Sir, you shan't go yet; I ha'nt deliver'd half my Message.

Wild. Upon my Faith but you have, Colonel,

Stand. Well, well, own your Spleen, out with it; I know you're like to burst.

Wild. I am so, by Gad; Ha, ha, ha.

[*Laugh and point at one another.*]

Stand. Ay, with all my Heart; Ha, ha. Well, well, that's all forc'd, Sir Harry.

Wild. I was never better pleas'd in all my Life, by Jupiter.

Stand. Well, Sir Harry, 'tis Prudence to hide your Concern, when there's no help for't:—But to be

serious now, the Lady has sent you back all your Papers there——I was so just as not to look upon 'em.

Wild. I am glad on't, Sir; for there were some Things that I would not have you see,

Stand. All this she has done for my sake; and I desire you would decline any farther Pretensions for your own sake. So honest, good natur'd Sir *Harry*, I'm your humble Servant. [Exit.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, poor Colonel!——O the Delight of an ingenious *Mistress*! What a Life and Briskness it adds to an Amour, like the Loves of mighty *Jove*, still suing in different Shapes. A *Legerde-main* *Mistress*, who, *presto*, *pass*, and she vanish'd; then *Hey*, in an instant, in your Arms again. [Going.

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Well met, Sir *Harry*; What News from the Island of *Love*?

Wild. Faith we made but a broken Voyage by your Cart; but now I am bound for another Port: I told you the Colonel was my Rival.

Viz. The Colonel! Curs'd Misfortune! another! [Aside.

Wild. But the civilest in the World; he brought me Word where my *Mistress* lodges; the Story's too long to tell you now, for I must fly.

Viz. What! Have you given over all Thoughts of *Angelica*?

Wild. No, no; I'll think of her some other Time. But now for the Lady *Lurewell*; Wit and Beauty calls.

*That Mistress ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whose Wit can whet, whene'er her Beauty cloys.*

*Her little amorous Frauds all Truths excel;
And make us happy, being deceiv'd so well.* [Exit.

Viz.

Viz. solus—The Colonel my Rival too! How shall I manage? There is but one way——him and the Knight will I set a tilting, where one cuts t'other's Throat, and the Survivor's hang'd: So there will be two Rivals pretty decently dispos'd of. Since Honour may oblige them to play the Fool, Why should not Necessity engage me to play the Knave? [Exit.



S C E N E Lurewell's Lodgings.

Lurewell and Party.

Lure. HAS my Servant brought me the Money from my Merchant?

Parl. No, Madam: He met Alderman *Smuggler* at Charing-Cross, who has promis'd to wait on you himself immediately.

Lure. 'Tis odd, that this old Rogue shou'd pretend to love me, and at the same Time cheat me of my Money.

Parl. 'Tis well, Madam, if he don't cheat you of your Estate; for you say, the Writings are in his Hands.

Lure. But what Satisfaction can I get of him?

Enter Smuggler.

Mr. Alderman, your Servant: Have you brought me any Money, Sir?

Smug. Faith, Madam, trading is very dead; what with paying the Taxes, raising the Customs, Losses at Sea Abroad, and maintaining our Wives at Home, the Bank is reduc'd very low.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, these Evasions won't serve your Turn; I must have Money, Sir—I hope you don't design to cheat me.

Smug. Cheat you, Madam, I have been an honest Citizen these five and thirty Years!

Lure. An honest Citizen! bear Witness, *Parly!* I shall trap him in more Lies presently——Come, Sir, tho' I'm a Woman, I can take a Course.

Smug. What Course, Madam, You'll go to Law, will ye? I can maintain a Suit of Law, be it right or wrong, these forty Years, I'm sure of that, thanks to the honest Practice of the Courts.

Lure. Sir, I'll blast your Reputation, and so ruin your Credit.

Smug. Blast my Reputation! He, he, he: Why I'm a *religious Man*, Madam, I have been very instrumental in the *Reformation of Manners*. Ruin my Credit! Ah, poor Woman: There is but one way, *Madam*——You have a sweet leering Eye.

Lure. You instrumental in the *Reformation!* How?

Smug. I whipt all the Whores, Cut and Long-Tail, out of the Parish,——Ah that leering Eye! Then I voted for pulling down the Play-House——Ah that Ogle, that Ogle!——*Then my own pious Example*——Ah that Lip, that Lip.

Lure. Here's a religious Rogue for you now!——As I hope to be fav'd, I have a good Mind to beat the old Monster.

Smug. Madam, I have brought you about a hundred and fifty Guineas (a great deal of Money, as Times go) and——

Lure. Come, give it me.

Smug. Ah, that Hand, that Hand; that pretty soft, white——I have brought it, you see: But the Condition of the Obligation is such, that whereas that leering Eye, that pouting Lip, that pretty soft Hand, that——you understand me, you understand, I'm sure you do; you little Rogue——

Lure. Here's a Villain now, so covetous, that he won't

won't Wench upon his own Cost, but would bribe me with my own Money. I will be reveng'd—Upon my Word, Mr. Alderman, you make me Blush; What d'ye mean, pray?

Smugg. See here, Madam, [Puts a Piece of Money in his Mouth] bus and Guinea, bus and Guinea, bus and Guinea.

Lure. Well, Mr. Alderman, you have such pretty yellow Teeth, and green Gums, that I will, Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Smug. Will you, indeed? He, he, he, my little Coquet; and when, and where, and how?

Lure. 'Twill be a difficult Point, Sir, to secure both our Honours, you must therefore be disguis'd, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. P'shaw! No Matter, I'm an old Fornicator, I'm not half so religious as I seem to be. You little Rogue, why I'm disguis'd as I am; our *Sanctity* is all Outside and *Hypocrify*.

Lure. No Man is seen to come into this House after Night fall; you must therefore sneak in, when 'tis dark, in Woman's Cloaths.

Smug. I, gad so, cod so—I have a Suit a Purpose, my little Coquet; I love to be disguis'd; I cod I make a very handsome Woman, I cod I do.

Enter Servant, whispers Lurewell.

Lure. Oh! Mr. Alderman, shall I beg you to walk into next Room, here are some Stangers coming up.

Smug. Bus and Guinea first, ah my little Coquet.

[Exit.]

Enter Wildair.

Wild. My Life, my Soul, my all that Heav'n can give.

Lure. Death's Life with thee; without thee, Death to live.

Welcome, my dear Sir *Harry*, I see you got my Directions.

Wild. Directions! in the most charming Manner; thou dear *Matchiavel* of Intrigue.

Lure. Still brisk and airy I find, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. The Sight of you, *Madam*, exalts my Air, and makes Joy lighten in my Face.

Lure. I have a thousand Questions to ask you, Sir *Harry*, How do you like *France*?

Wild. *Ab!* est le plus beau pais du monde.

Lure. Then what made you leave it so soon?

Wild. *Madam*, *Vous Voyez qui je vous say partout*.

Lure. O Monsieur, je vous suis fort obligee——But where's the Court now?

Wild. At *Marli*, *Madam*.

Lure. And where my Count *Le Valier*?

Wild. His Body's in the Church of *Nostre-Dame*; I don't know where his Soul is.

Lure. What Disease did he die of?

Wild. A *Duel*, *Madam*, I was his Doctor.

Lure. How d'ye mean?

Wild. As most Doctors do, I kill'd him.

Lure. *En Cavalier*, my dear Knight-Errant, well; And how? And how? What Intrigues, what Galantries are carrying on in the *Beau Monde*?

Wild. I shōuld ask you that Question, *Madam*, since your Ladyship makes the *Beau Monde* wherever you come.

Lure. Ah! Sir *Harry*, I've been almost ruin'd, pester'd to Death here by the incessant Attacks of a mighty Colonel, he has besieg'd me as close as our Army did *Namur*.

Wild. I hope your Ladyship did not surrenderitho?

Lure. No, no; but was forc'd to capitulate: But since you are come to raise the Siege, we'll dance, and sing, and laugh.

Wild.

Wild. And love, and kiss——Montrez moy votre Chambre.

Lure. Attende, Attende on peu——I remember, Sir Harry, you promis'd me in *Paris*, never to ask that impertinent Question again.

Wild. P'shaw, Madam, that was above two Months ago ; besides, Madam, Treaties made in *France* are never kept.

Lure. Wou'd you marry me, Sir Harry?

Wild. Oh ! *Le Marriage est une Grande malice*——but I will marry you.

Lure. Your Word, Sir, is not to be rely'd on : if a Gentleman will forfeit his Honour in Dealings of Business, we may reasonably suspect his Fidelity in an Amour.

Wild. My Honour in Dealings of Business ! why, Madam, I never had any Business in all my Life.

Lure. Yes, Sir Harry, I have heard a very odd Story, and am sorry, that a Gentleman of your Figure, should undergo the Scandal.

Wild. Out with it, Madam.

Lure. Why the Merchant, Sir, that transmitted your Bills of Exchange to you in *France*, complains of some indirect and dishonourable Dealings.

Wild. Who, old Smuggler !

Lure. Ay, ay : you know him, I find.

Wild. I have no less than Reason, I think ; why the Rogue has cheated me of above five hundred Pound within these three Years.

Lure. 'Tis your Business then, to acquit your self publickly, for he spreads the Scandal every where.

Wild. Acquit my self publickly !——Here, Sirrah, my Coach, I'll drive instantly into the City, and cane the old Villain round the *Royal Exchange* ; he shall run the Gantlet through a thousand brusht Beavers, and formal Cravats.

Lure.

Lure. Why he is in the House now, Sir.

Wild. What, in this House?

Lure. Ay, in the next Room.

Wild. Then, Sirrah, lend me your Cudgel.

Lure. Sir *Harry*, you won't raise a Disturbance in my House?

Wild. Disturbance, Madam, no no; I'll beat him with the Temper of a Philosopher; here, Mrs. *Parly*, shew me the Gentleman. [Exit with *Parly*.]

Lure. Now shall I get the old Monster well beaten, and Sir *Harry* pefter'd next Term with Bloodsheds, Batteries, Costs and Damages, Sollicitors and Attornies; and if they don't teize him out of his good Humour, I'll never plot again. [Exit.]



S C E N E Changes to another Room in the same *H O U S E*.

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. O This damn'd Tide-waiter! A Ship and Cargo worth five thousand Pound! why 'tis richly worth five hundred Perjuries.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Dear Mr. *Alderman*, I'm your most devoted and humble Servant.

Smug. My best Friend, Sir *Harry*, you're welcome to *England*.

Wild. I'll assure you, Sir, there's not a Man in the King's Dominions I'm gladder to meet.

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you Travellers have the most obliging ways with you.

Wild. There is a Business, Mr. *Alderman*, fall'n out, which

which you may oblige me infinitely by — I am very sorry that I'm forc'd to be troublesome ; but Necessity, Mr. *Alderman*.

Smug. Ay, Sir, as you say, Necessity — But upon my Word, Sir, I'm very short of Money at present ; but —

Wild. That's not the Matter, Sir, I'm above an Obligation that way ; but the Business is, I'm reduc'd to an indispensible Necessity of being oblig'd to you for a Beating — Here, take this Cudgel.

Smug. A Beating, Sir *Harry* ! Ha, ha, ha, I beat a Knight Baronet ! an *Alderman* turn Cudgel-Player ; Ha, ha, ha.

Wild. Upon my Word, Sir, you must beat me, or I'll cudgel you ; take your Choice.

Smug. P'shaw, p'shaw, you Jest.

Wild. Nay, 'tis as sure as Fate ; so, *Alderman*, I hope you'll pardon my Curiosity.

Smug. Curiosity ! Duce take your Curiosity, Sir ; What d'ye mean ?

Wild. I'm hit in Jest. Sir.

Smug. O, I can take any Thing in Jest ; but a Man might imagine by the Smartness of the Stroke, that you were in downright Earnest.

Wild. Not in the least, Sir, (*strikes him*) not in the least, indeed, Sir.

Smug. Pray, good Sir, no more of your Jests, for they are the bluntest Jests that I ever knew.

Wild. (*strikes*) I heartily beg your Pardon with all my Heart, Sir.

Smug. Pardon, Sir, well Sir, that is Satisfaction enough from a Gentleman ; but seriously now, if you pass any more of your Jests upon me, I shall grow angry.

Wild. I humbly beg your Permission to break one or two more.

[*striking him.*

Smug.

46 *The CONSTANT COUPLE: Or,*

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you'll break my Bones: Are you Mad, Sir? Murder, Felony, Manslaughter.

[*Wild. knocks him down.*]

Wild. Sir, I beg you ten thousand Pardons; but I am absolutely compell'd to't upon my Honour, Sir; nothing can be more averse to my Inclinations, than to jest with my honest, dear, loving obliging Friend, the *Alderman.*

[*Striking him all this while, Smuggler tumbles over and over, and shakes out his Pocket-Book on the Floor; Lurewell enters, takes it up.*]

Lure. The old Rogue's Pocket-Book, this may be of use. [*Aside.*] O Lord, Sir *Harry's* murdering the poor old Man —

Smug. O dear *Madam*, I was beaten in Jest, 'till I am murder'd in good Earnest.

Lure. Well, well! I'll bring you off *Senior*: *Frapex, Frapex.*

Smug. O for Charity's sake, *Madam*, Rescue a poor Citizen.

Lure. O you barbarous Man! Hold, hold, *Frapex plus rudement: Frapex.* I wonder you are not afham'd, [*Holding Wild.*] A poor reverend honest Elder — [*Helps Smug. up.*] It makes me weep to see him in this Condition, poor Man! Now the Devil take you, Sir *Harry* — for not beating him harder. Well, my Dear, you shall come at Night, and I'll make you amends.

Smug. I will have Amends before I leave the Place: Sir: How durst you use me thus?

Wild. Sir? [*Here Sir Harry takes Snuff.*]

Smug: Sir, I say, I will have Satisfaction.

Wild. With all my Heart. [*Throws Snuff in his Eyes.*]

Smug. O Murder, Blindness, Fire: O *Madam, Madam*, get me some Water. Water, Fire, Fire, Water.

[*Exit with Lurewell.*]

Wild.

Wild. How pleasant is resenting an Injury without
Passion ? 'Tis the Beauty of Revenge.

Let Statesmen Plot, and under Business groan ;
And settling Puplick Quiet, lose their own.
Let Soldiers drudge and fight for Pay or Fame ;
For, when they're Shot, I think 'tis much the same.
Let Scholars vex their Brains with Mood and Tense. }
And, mad with Strength of Reason, Fools commence ; }
Losing their Wits in searching after Sense ; }
Their Summum Bonum they must toil to gain ;
And, seeking Pleasure, spend their Life in Pain.
I make the most of Life, no Hour mispend ;
Pleasure's the Means, and Pleasure is my End.
No Spleen, no Trouble shall my Time destroy.
Life's but a Span ; I'll ev'ry Inch enjoy. [Exit.]



ACT



A C T. III.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Standard and Vizard.

S T A N D A R D.

Bring him Word where she lodg'd ! I the
civilest Rival in the World ! 'tis impossi-
ble.

Viz. I shall urge it no further, Sir ; I
only thought, Sir, that my Character in
the World might add Authority to my Words, without
so many Repetitions.

Stand. Pardon me, Dear *Vizard* — Our Belief strug-
gles hard, before it can be brought to yield to the Dis-
advantage of what we love ; 'tis so great an Abuse to
our Judgment, that it makes the Faults of our Choice
our own Failing. But what said Sir *Harry* ?

Viz. He pitied the poor credulous Colonel, laugh'd
heartily, flew away with all the Raptures of a Bride-
groom, repeating these Lines :

*A Mistress ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whose Wit can whet whene'er her Beauty cloys.*

Stand. *A Mistress ne'er can pall!* By all my Wrongs
he whores her ! And I'm made their Property. Venge-

ance! *Vizard*, you must carry a Note from me to Sir *Harry*.

Viz. What a Challenge! I hope you don't design to fight.

Stand. What! wear the Livery of my King, and pocket an Affront! 'twere an Abuse to His Sacred Majesty; a Soldier's Sword, *Vizard*, shou'd start of it self to redress its Master's Wrong.

Viz. However, Sir, I think it not proper for me to carry any such Message between Friends.

Stand. I have ne'er a Servant here. What shall I do?

Viz. There's *Tom Errand*, the Porter that plies at the *Blue Posts*, who knows Sir *Harry* and his Haunts very well; you may send a Note by him.

Stand. Here, you Friend.

Viz. I have now some Business, and must take my Leave, I would advise you nevertheless against this Affair.

Stand. No whispering now, nor telling of Friends to prevent us. He that disappoints a Man of an honourable Revenge, may love him foolishly like a Wife, but never value him as a Friend.

Viz. Nay, the Devil take him that parts you, say I.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Porter running.

Err. Did your Honour call a Porter?

Stand. Is your Name *Tom Errand*?

Err. People call me so, an't like your Worship—

Stand. D'ye know Sir *Harry Wildair*?

Err. Ay, very well, Sir! He's one of my Masters; many a round Half Crown have I had of his Worship: He's newly come home from *France*, Sir.

Stand. Go to the next *Coffee-House*, and wait for me.

Woman, Woman, how blest is Man, when favour'd by your Smiles? and how accurst, when all these Smiles are found but wanton Baits, to sooth us to Destruction?

E

Thus

50 *The CONSTANT COUPLE: Or,*

Thus our chief Joys, with base Allays, are curst.

And our best Things, when once corrupted, worst. [Exit.

Enter Wildair, and Clincher Senior following.

Clin. sen. Sir, Sir, Sir, having some Busines of Importance to communicate to you, I would beg your Attention to a trifling Affair that I would impart to you.

Wild. What is your trifling Busines of Importance, pray sweet Sir?

Clin. sen. Pray Sir, Are the Roads deep between this and *Paris*.

Wild. Why that Question, Sir?

Clin. sen. Because, I design to go to the *Jubilee*, Sir. I understand that you are a Traveller, Sir; there is an Air of Travel in the Tie of your Cravat, Sir, there is indeed, Sir—I suppose, Sir, you bought this Lace in *Flanders*.

Wild. No, Sir, this Lace was made in *Norway*.

Clin. sen. *Norway*, Sir!

Wild. Yes Sir, of the Shavings of Deal-Boards.

Clin. sen. That's very strange now, Faith—Lace made of the Shavings of Deal-Boards; I Gad, Sir, you Travellers see very strange Things Abroad, very incredible Things abroad, indeed. Well, I'll have a Cravat of that very same Lace before I come home.

Wild. But, Sir, what Preparations have you made for your Journey?

Clin. sen. A Case of Pocket-Pistols for the Bravo's—and a Swimming-Girdle.

Wild. Why these, Sir?

Clin. sen. O Lord, Sir, I'll tell you—Suppose us in *Rome* now; away goes I to some Ball—for I'll be a mighty Beau. Then as I said, I go to some Ball, or some Bear-baiting, 'tis all one you know—then comes a fine *Italian Bona Roba*, and plucks me by the Sleeve, *Seignior Angle, Seignior Angle*—she's a very fine Lady, observe that—*Seignior Angle*, says she,—*Seigniora* say

says I, and trips after her to the Corner of a Street, suppose it *Ruffel-Street* here, or any other Street ; then you know I must invite her to the Tavern, I can do no less—There up comes a Bravo ; the *Italian* grows saucy, and I give him an *Englifh* Douse of the Face. I can box, Sir, box tightly, I was a Prentice, Sir,—but then, Sir, he whips out his *Stiletto*, and I whips out my *Bull-Dog*—flaps him through, trips down Stairs, turns the Corner of *Ruffel-Street* again, and whips me into the Ambassador's Train, and there I'm as safe as a Beau behind the Scenes.

Wild. Was your Pistol charg'd, Sir ?

Clin. sen. Only a Brace of Bullets, that's all, Sir, I design to shoot seven *Italians* a Week, Sir.

Wild. Sir, you won't have Provocation.

Clin. sen. Provocation, Sir ! Zauns, Sir, I'll kill any Man for treading upon my Corns, and there will be a devilish Throng of People there ; they say, that all the Princes of *Italy* will be there.

Wild. And all the Fops and Fidlers in *Europe*—But the Use of your Swimming-Girdle, pray Sir ?

Clin. sen. O Lord, Sir, that's easy. Suppose the Ship cast away ; now, whilst other foolish People are busy at their Prayers, I whip on my Swimming-Girdle, clap a Month's Provision into my Pockets, and sail me away, like an Egg in a Duck's Belly—And heark'ee, Sir, I have a new Project in my Head. Where d'ye think my Swimming-Girdle shall carry me upon this Occasion ? 'Tis a new Project.

Wild. Where, Sir ?

Clin. sen. To *Civita Vecchia*, Faith and Troth, and to save the Charges of my Passage ! Well, Sir, you must pardon me now, I'm going to see my Mistress.

Wild. This Fellow's an accomplish'd Ass before he goes Abroad. Well ; this *Angelica* has got into my Heart, and I can't get her out of my Head. I must pay her t'other Visit.

S C E N E *Lady Darling's House.*Angelica *salus. Jofa*

Ang. **U**Nhappy State of Woman! whose chief Virtue is but Ceremony, and our much boasted Modesty but a slavish Restraint. The strict Confinement of our Words makes our Thoughts ramble more; and what preserves our outward Fame, destroys our inward Quiet—'Tis hard that Love shou'd be deny'd the Privilege of Hatred; that Scandal and Detraction shou'd be so much indulg'd, yet Sacred Love and Truth debarr'd our Conversation.

Enter Darling, Clincher jun. and Dicky.

Darl. This is my Daughter, Cousin.

Dick. Now, Sir, remember your three Scrapes.

Clin. Saluting Ang.] One, Two, Three, [Kisses her.] Your humble Servant. Was not that right, *Dicky?*

Dick. Ay, Faith, Sir, but why don't you speak to her?

Clin. jun. I beg your Pardon, *Dicky.* I know my Distance; wou'd you have me speak to a Lady at the first Sight.

Dick. Ay, Sir, by all Means; the first Aim is the surest.

Clin. jun. Now for a good Jeft, to make her laugh heartily—By *Jupiter Ammon* I'll go give her a Kiss.

[Goes towards ber.]

Enter Wildair, interposing.

Wila. 'Tis all to no purpose, I told you so before; your pitiful five Guineas will never do—You may march, Sir: for as far as five hundred Pounds will go I'll out-bid you.

Clin.

Clin. jun. What the Devil ! the Madman's here again.

Darl. Bless me, Cousin ! What d'ye mean ? Affront a Gentleman of his Quality in my House ?

Clin. jun. Quality ! Why, *Madam* ! I don't know what you mean by your Madmen, and your Beaux, and your Quality.—They're all alike I believe.

Darl. Pray, Sir, walk with me into the next Room.

Exit Darl. leading Clin. Dick follows.

Ang. Sir, if your Conversation be no more agreeable than 'twas the last Time, I would advise you to make it as short as you can.

Wild. The Offences of my last Visit, *Madam*, bore their Punishment in the Commission ; and have made me as uneasy till I receive Pardon, as your Ladyship can be 'till I sue for it.

Ang. Sir *Harry*, I did not well understand the Offence, and must therefore proportion it to the Greatness of your Apology : If you wou'd therefore have me think it light, take no great Pains in an Excuse.

Wild. How sweet must be the Lips that guard that Tongue ! then, *Madam*, no more of past Offences, let us prepare for Joys to come ; let this seal my Pardon. [Kisses her Hand.] And this [again] initiate me to farther Happiness.

Ang. Hold, Sir,—one Question, Sir *Harry* ; and pray answer me plainly, D'ye love me ?

Wild. Love you ! Does Fire ascend ? Do Hypocrites dissemble ? Usurers love Gold, or Great Men Flattery ? Doubt these, then question that I love.

Ang. This shews your Gallantry, Sir, but not your Love.

Wild. View your own Charms, *Madam*, then judge my Passion ; your Beauty ravishes my Eye, your Voice my Ear, and your Touch has thrill'd my melting Soul.

Ang. If your Words be real, 'tis in your Pow'r to raise an equal Flame in me.

Wild. Nay then—I seize—

Ang. Hold, Sir; 'tis also possible, to make me detest and scorn you worse than the most profligate of your deceiving Sex.

Wild. Ha! A very odd Turn this. I hope, *Madam*, you only affect Anger, because you know your Frowns are becoming.

Ang. Sir *Harry*, you being the best Judge of your own Designs, can best understand whether my Anger shou'd be real or dissembled; think what strict *Modesty* shou'd bear, then judge of my Resentments.

Wild. Strict *Modesty* should bear! Why, Faith, *Madam*, I believe the strictest *Modesty* may bear fifty Guineas, and I don't believe 'twill bear one farthing more.

Ang. What d'mean, Sir?

Wild. Nay, *Madam*, What do you mean if you go to that? I think now, fifty Guineas is a very fine Offer for your strict *Modesty*, as you call it.

Ang. 'Tis more charitable, Sir *Harry*, to charge the Impertinence of a Man of your Figure, on his defect in Understanding, than on his want of *Manners*—I'm afraid you're mad, Sir.

Wild. Why, *Madam*, you're enough to make any Man mad. S'death, Are not you a—

Ang. What, Sir?

Wild. Why, a Lady of—strict *Modesty*, if you will have it so.

Ang. I shall never hereafter trust common Report, which represented you, Sir, a Man of Honour, Wit and Breeding; for I find you very deficient in them all.

[Exit.]

Wild. solus. Now I find that the strict Pretences which the Ladies of Pleasure make to strict *Modesty*, is the Reason why those of Quality are ashame'd to wear it.

[Enter]

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Ah, Sir *Harry*, Have I caught you? Well, and what Success?

Wild. Success! 'tis a shame for you young Fellows in Town here, to let the Wenches grow so saucy: I offer'd her fifty Guineas, and she was in her *Airs* presently. I cou'd have two Countesses in *Paris* for half the Money, and *Je vous remercie* into the Bargain.

Viz. Gone in her *Airs*, say you? And did not you follow her?

Wild. Whither should I follow her?

Viz. Into her Bed-Chamber, Man. She went on purpose. You a Man of Gallantry, and not understand that a Lady's best pleas'd when she puts on her *Airs*, as you call it.

Wild. She talk'd to me of strict Modesty, and Stuff.

Viz. Certainly most Women magnify their Modesty, for the same Reason that Cowards boast their Courage, because they have least on't. Come, come, Sir *Harry*, when you make your next Assault, encourage your Spirits with brisk *Burgundy*; if you succeed, 'tis well; if not, you have a fair Excuse for your Rudeness. I'll go in, and make your Peace for what's past. Oh! I had almost forgot——Coll. *Standard* wants to speak with you about some Busines.

Wild. I'll wait upon him presently; D'ye know where he may be found?

Viz. In the Piazza of *Covent Garden*, about an Hour hence, I promis'd to see him, and there you may meet him; to have your Throat cut. [Aside.] I'll go in and intercede for you.

Wild. But no foul Play with the Lady, *Vizard*.

[Exit.

Viz. No fair Play, I can assure you.

[Exit.

S C E N E



S C E N E the Street before Lurewell's *Lodgings*;
Clinch. Sen. and Lurewell *Coqueting in the Bal-*
cony.

Enter Standard.

Stand. **H**OW weak is Reason in Disputes of Love? That daring Reason which so oft pretends to question Works of high Omnipotence, yet poorly truckles to our weakest Passions, and yields implicit Faith to foolish Love, paying blind Zeal to faithless Woman's Eyes. I've heard her Falshood with such pressing Proofs, that I no longer shou'd distrust it. Yet still my Love wou'd baffle Demonstration, and make Impossibilities seem probable. [Looks up.] Ha! that Fool too! What! stoop so low as that Animal— 'Tis true, Women once fall'n, like Cowards in Despair, will stick at nothing; there's no Medium in their Actions: They must be bright as Angels, or black as Fiends. But now for my Revenge, I'll kick her Cully before her Face, call her a Whore, Curse the whole Sex, and so leave her.

[Goes in.]

Lurewell comes down with Clincher. *The Scene changes to a Dining-Room.*

Lure. O Lord, Sir, 'tis my Husband: What will be come of you?

Clin. Eh; your Husband! Oh, I shall be murder'd: What shall I do? where shall I run? I'll creep into an Oven; I'll climb up the Chimney; I'll fly; I'll swim; — I wish to the Lord I were at the *Jubilee* now —

Lure.

Lure. Can't you think of any Thing, Sir?

Enter Tom Errand.

What do you want, Sir?

Erra. Madam, I am looking for Sir *Harry Wildair*; I saw him come here this Morning; and did imagine he might be here still.

Lure. A lucky Hit! Here, Friend, change Cloaths with this Gentleman, quickly: Strip.

Clin. Ay, ay, quickly strip: I'll give you half a Crown, Come here: So. [They change Cloaths.]

Lure. Now slip you, [to *Clinch.*] down Stairs, and wait at the Door till my Husband be gone; and get you in there [to the *Porter*] till I call you.

[Puts Errand into the next Room.]

Enter Standard.

Oh, Sir! Are you come? I wonder, Sir, how you have the Confidence to approach me after so base a Trick.

Stand. O, Madam! all your Artifices won't prevail.

Lure. Nay, Sir, your Artifices won't avail; I thought, Sir, that I gave you Caution enough against troubling me with Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Company, when I sent this Letter back by you: Yet you, forsooth, must tell him where I lodg'd, and expose me again to his impertinent Courtship.

Stand. I expose you to his Courtship!

Lure. I'll lay my Life you'll deny it now: Come, come, Sir, a pitiful Lie is as scandalous to a Red-Coat, as an Oath to a Black. Did not Sir *Harry* himself tell me, that he found out by you where I lodg'd?

Stand. You're all Lies: First, your Heart is false, your Eyes are double; one look belies another: And then your Tongue does contradict them all—Madam, I see a little Devil just now hammering out a Lie in your Pericranium.

Lure.

Lure. As I hope for Mercy, he's in the right on't. [Aside.] Hold, Sir, you have got the Play-House Cant upon your Tongue; and think that Wit may privilege your Railing: But I must tell you, Sir, that what is Satyr upon the Stage, is ill Manners here.

Stand. What is feign'd upon the Stage, is here in Reality real Falshood. Yes, yes, Madam—I expos'd you to the Courtship of your Fool *Clincher* too? I hope your Female Wiles will impose that upon me—a fo—

Lure. *Clincher!* Nay, now you're stark Mad. I know no such Person.

Stand. O Woman in Perfection! not know him! 'Slife, Madam, can my Eyes, my piercing jealous Eyes be so deluded? Nay, *Madam*, my Nose cou'd not mistake him; for I smelt the Fop, by his Pulvilio, from the Balcony down to the Street.

Lure. The Balcony! Ha, ha, ha, the Balcony! I'll be hang'd but he has mistaken Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Footman, with a new *French* Livery, for a Beau.

Stand. S'death, *Madam*, What is there in me that looks like a Cully? Did not I see him?

Lure. No, no; you cou'd not see him: You're dreaming *Colonel*: Will you believe your Eyes, now, that I have rubb'd them open?—Here, you Friend.

Enter Errand in Clincher's Cloaths.

Stand. This is Illusion all; my Eyes conspire against themselves. 'Tis Legerdemain.

Lure. Legerdemain! Is that all your Acknowledgment for your rude Behaviour?—Oh, what a Curse is it to love as I do!—but don't presume too far, Sir, on my Affection: For such ungenerous Usage will soон return my tir'd Heart.—Be gone, Sir, [to the Porter] to your impertinent Master, and tell him, I shall

shall never be at Leisure to receive any of his troublesome Visits—Send to me to know when I shou'd be at Home!—Be gone, Sir:—I am sure he has made me an unfortunate Woman. [Weeps.]

Stand. Nay, then there is no Certainty in Nature; and Truth is only Falshood well disguis'd.

Lure. Sir, had not I own'd my fond foolish Passion, I shou'd not have been subject to such unjust Suspicions; but 'tis an ungrateful Return. [Weeping.]

Stand. Now where are all my firm Resolves? I will believe her just. My Passion rais'd my Jealousy; then why mayn't Love be blind in finding Faults, as in excusing them?—I hope, *Madam*, you'll pardon me, since Jealousy, that magnify'd my Suspicion, is as much the Effect of Love, as my Easiness in being satisfy'd.

Lure. Easiness in being satisfy'd! You Men have got an insolent Way of extorting Pardon, by persisting in your Faults. No, no, Sir; cherish your Suspicions, and feed upon your Jealousy: 'Tis fit Meat for your squeamish Stomach.

*With Men all Women shou'd this Rule pursue;
Who thinks us false, shou'd never find us true.*

[Exit in a Rage.]

Enter Clincher in the Porter's Cloaths.

Clin. Well! Intriguing is the prettiest pleasantest Thing for a Man of my Parts:—How shall we laugh at the Husband when he is gone?—How sillily he looks! He's in labour of Horns already,—to make a Colonel a Cuckold! 'Twill be rare News for the Alderman. [Aside.]

Stand. All this Sir *Harry* has occasion'd; but he's brave, and will afford me just Revenge—O! this is the Porter I sent the Challenge by:—Well, Sir, Have you found him?

Clinch.

60 *The Constant Couple: Or,*

Clinch. What the Devil does he mean now?

Stand. Have you given Sir *Harry* the Note, Fellow?

Clin. The Note! What Note?

Stand. The Letter, Blockhead, which I sent by you to Sir *Harry Wildair*; Have you seen him?

Clinch. O Lord, What shall I say now? Seen him? Yes Sir—No Sir—I have Sir; I have not Sir.

Stand. The Fellow's mad. Answer me directly Sirrah, or I'll break your Head.

Clin. I know Sir *Harry* very well, Sir; but as to the Note, I can't remember a Word on't: Truth is, I have a very bad Memory.

Stand. O Sir, I'll quicken your Memory. [Strikes him.

Clin. Zauns, Sir, hold,—I did give him the Note,

Stand. And what Answer?

Clin. I mean, Sir, I did not give him the Note.

Stand. What, d'ye banter, Rascal? [Strikes him again.

Clin. Hold, Sir, hold; he did send an Answer.

Stand. What was't, Villain?

Clin. Why truly, Sir, I have forgot it: I told you that I had a very treacherous Memory.

Stand. I'll engage you shall remember me this Month, Rascal. [Beats him off, and Exit.

Enter Lurewell and Party.

Lure. *Fortboon, fortboon, fortboon;* this is better than I expected: but Fortune still helps the industrious.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. Ah! The Devil take all Intriguing, say I, and him who first invented Canes:—That curs'd Colonel has got such a Knack of beating his Men, that he has left the Mark of a Collar of Bandileers about my Shoulders.

Lure. O my poor Gentleman! And was it beaten?

Clin. Yes, I have been beaten: But where's my Cloaths, my Cloaths?

Lure. What, you won't leave me so soon, my Dear, will ye?

Clin. Will ye? If ever I peep into a Colonel's Tent again, may I be forced to run the Gauntlet:—But my Cloaths, Madam.

Lure. I sent the Porter down Stairs with them: Did not you meet him?

Clin. Meet him! No, not I.

Parl. No? He went out at the Back-door, and is run clear away I'm afraid.

Clin. Gone, say you! And with my Cloaths? My Fine Jubilee Cloaths? O, the Rogue, the Thief!—I'll have him hang'd for Murder:—But how shall I get home in this Pickle?

Parl. I'm afraid, Sir, the Colonel will be back presently; for he dines at home.

Clin. Oh, then I must sneak off! Was ever Man so managed, to have his Coat well thrash'd, and lose his Coat too?

[Exit.]

Lure. Thus the noble Poet spoke Truth:

*Nothing suits worse with Vice, than want of Sense:
Fools are still wicked at their own Expence.*

Parl. Methinks, Madam, the Injuries you have suffered by Men must be very great, to raise such heavy Refements against the whole Sex.

Lure. The greatest Injury that Woman cou'd sustain; They robb'd me of that Jewel, which preserv'd, exalts our Sex almost to Angels: But destroy'd, debases us below the worst of Brutes, Mankind.

Parl. But I think, Madam, your Anger shou'd be only confin'd to the Author of your Wrongs.

Lure. The Author! Alas, I know him not, which makes my Wrongs the greater.

Parl. Not know him! 'Tis odd, Madam, that a Man shou'd rob you of that same Jewel you mention'd, and you not know him.

Lure. Leave trifling:—'Tis a Subject that always fours my Temper; but since by thy faithful Service I have some Reason to confide in your Secrefy: Hear the strange Relation—Some twelve, twelve Years ago I liv'd at my Father's House in *Oxfordshire*, bleſt with Innocence, the ornamental, but weak Guard of blooming Beauty: I was then just Fifteen, an Age oft fatal to the female Sex: Our Youth is tempting, our Innocence credulous, Romances moving, Love powerful, and Men are—Villains. Then it happen'd, that three young Gentlemen from the University coming into the Country, and being benighted, and Strangers, call'd at my Father's: He was very glad of their Company, and offer'd them the Entertainment of his House.

Parl. Which they accepted, no doubt: Oh! These strolling Collegians are never Abroad, but upon some Mischief.

Lure. They had some private Frolick or Design in their Heads, as appeared by their not naming one another; which, my Father perceiving, out of Civility, made no Enquiry into their Affairs: Two of them had a heavy, pedantick, University Air, a fort of disagreeable scholastick Boorishness in their Behaviour: But the Third!

Parl. Ay! The Third, Madam,—the Third of all Things they say is very critical.

Lure. He was—but in short, Nature cut him out for my undoing;—he seem'd to be about Eighteen.

Parl. A fit Match for your Fifteen as cou'd be.

Lure. He had a genteel Sweetness in his Face, a grace-

graceful Comeliness in his Person, and his Tongue was fit to sooth soft Innocence to Ruin : His very Looks were witty, and his expressive Eyes softer, prettier Things than Words cou'd frame.

Parl. There will be Mischief by and by ; I never heard a Woman talk so much of Eyes, but there were Tears presently after.

Lure. His Discourse was directed to my Father, but his Looks to me. After Supper I went to my Chamber, and read *Cassandra*, then went to Bed, and dreamt of him all Night ; rose in the Morning, and made Verses ; so fell desperately in Love — my Father was so pleas'd with his Conversation, that he begg'd their Company next Day ; they consented, and next night, *Parly* —

Parl. Ay, next Night, Madam, — next Night (I'm afraid) was a Night indeed.

Lure. He brib'd my Maid, with his Gold, out of her Honesty ; and me, with his Rhetorick, out of my Honour — she admitted him to my Chamber, and there he vow'd, and swore, and wept, and sigh'd — and conquer'd. [Weeps.]

Parl. Alack-a-day, poor Fifteen ! [Weeps.]

Lure. He swore that he wou'd come down from Oxford in a Fortnight, and marry me.

Parl. The old Bait ! The old Bait — I was cheated just so my self. [Aside.] But had not you the Wit to know his Name all this while ?

Lure. Alas ! What Wit had Innocence like mine ? He told me that he was under an Obligation to his Companions of concealing himself then, but that he wou'd write to me in two Days, and let me know his Name and Quality. After all the binding Oaths of Constancy, joyning Hands, exchanging Hearts, I gave him a Ring, with this Motto, *Love and Honour* ; then we parted ; but I never saw the Dear Deceiver more.

Parl. No, nor never will, I warrant you.

Lure. I need not tell my Griefs, which my Father's Death made a fair Pretence for; he left me sole Heiress and Executrix to three thousand Pounds a Year; at last my Love for this single Dissembler, turn'd to a Hatred of the whole Sex, and resolving to divert my Melancholy, and make my large Fortune subservient to my Pleasure and Revenge, I went to travel, where, in most Courts of *Europe*, I have done some Execution: Here I will play my last Scene; then retire to my Country-House, live solitary, and die a Penitent.

Par. But don't you still love this dear Dissembler?

Lure. Most certainly: 'Tis Love of him that keeps my Anger warm, representing the Baseness of Mankind full in View; and makes my Resentments work——We shall have that old impotent Lecher *Smuggler* here to Night: I have a Plot to swinge him, and his precise Nephew *Vizard*.

Par. I think, Madam, you manage every Body that comes in your way.

Lure. No, *Parly*; Those Men, whose Pretensions I found just and honourable, I fairly dismiss'd, by letting them know my firm Resolutions never to marry. But those Villains that wou'd attempt my Honour, I've seldom fail'd to manage.

Par. What d'ye think of the Colonel, Madam? I suppose his Designs are honourable.

Lure. That Man's a Riddle; there's something of Honour in his Temper that pleases: I'm sure he loves me too, because he's soon jealous, and soon satisfy'd: But he's a Man still.——When I once try'd his Pulse about Marriage, his Blood ran as low as a Coward's: He swore indeed that he lov'd me, but cou'd not marry me, forsooth, because he was engag'd elsewhere. So poor a Pretence made me disdain his Passion, which otherwise might have been uneasy

to me——But hang him, I have teiz'd him enough:
——Besides, *Parly*, I begin to be tir'd of my Re-
venge;——But this Buis and Guinea I must maal
once more: I'll hansel his Woman's Cloaths for
him. Go, get me Pen and Ink; I must write to
Vizard too.

*Fortune, this once assist me, as before,
Two such Machines can never work in vain,
As thy propitious Wheel, and my projecting Brain.*

The End of the Third A C T.





A C T IV.

S C E N E *Covent-Garden.**Wildair and Standard Meeting.*

S T A N D A R D.



Thought, Sir *Harry*, to have met you e're this in a more convenient Place; but since my Wrongs were without Ceremony, my Revenge shall be so too. *Draw*, Sir.

Wild. Draw, Sir! What shall I draw?

Stand. Come, come, Sir; I like your facetious Humour well enough: It shews Courage and Unconcern: I know you brave; and therefore use you thus. *Draw your Sword.*

Wild. Nay, to oblige you I will draw: but the Devil take me if I fight—Perhaps, Colonel, this is the prettiest Blade you have seen.

Stand. I doubt not but the Arm is good; and therefore think both worth my Resentment. *Come*, Sir.

Wild. But, prithee Colonel, dost think that I am such a Madman as to send my Soul to the Devil, and my Body to the Worms, upon every Fool's Errand?

Stand. I hope you're no Coward, Sir.

Wild. Coward, Sir; I have eight thousand Pounds a Year, Sir.

Stand. You fought in *Flanders* to my Knowledge.

Wild.

Wild. Ay, for the same Reason that I wore a Red-Coat, because 'twas fashionable.

Stand. Sir, you fought a *French Count* in *Paris*.

Wild. True, Sir; He was a Beau, like myself: Now you're a Soldier, Colonel, and Fighting's your Trade; and I think it downright Madness to contend with any Man in his Profession.

Stand. Come, Sir, no more dallying: I shall take very unseemly Methods if you don't shew your self a Gentleman.

Wild. A Gentleman! Why there again now. A Gentleman! I tell you once more, Colonel, that I am a Baronet, and have eight thousand Pounds a Year. I can dance, sing, ride, fence, understand the Languages. Now I can't conceive how running you through the Body shou'd contribute one jot more to my Gentility. But pray Colonel, I had forgot to ask you, What's the Quarrel?

Stand. A Woman, Sir.

Wild. Then I put up my Sword. Take her.

Stand. Sir, my Honour's concern'd.

Wild. Nay, if your Honour be concern'd with a Woman, get it out of her Hands as soon as you can. An honourable Lover is the greatest Slave in Nature; some will say, the greatest Fool. Come, come, Colonel, this is something about the *Lady Lurewell*, I warrant; I can give you Satisfaction in that Affair.

Stand. Do so then imamedately.

Wild. Put up your Sword first: You know I dare fight, but I had much rather make you a Friend than an Enemy. I can assure you this Lady will prove too hard for one of your Temper. You have too much Honour, too much in Conscience, to be a Favourite with the Ladies.

Stand. I am assur'd, Sir, she never gave you any Encouragement-----

Wild. A Man can never hear Reason with a Sword

in his Hand. Sheath your Weapon; and then if I don't satisfy you sheath it in my Body.

Stand. Give me but Demonstration of her granting you any Favour, and 'tis enough.

Wild. Will you take my Word?

Stand. Pardon me, Sir, I cannot.

Wild. Will you believe your own Eyes?

Stand. 'Tis ten to one whether I shall or no: They have deceiv'd me already.

Wild. That's hard—But some means I shall devise for your Satisfaction.—We must fly this Place, else that cluster of Mob will overwhelm us. [Exeunt.

Enter Mob, Tom Errand's Wife burrying in Clincher

Senior in Errand's Cloaths.

Wife. O, the Villain, the Rogue, he has murder'd my Husband: Ah, my poor *Timothy*. [Crying.

Clin. Dem your *Timothy*:—Your Husband has murder'd me, Woman: For he has carry'd away my fine Jubilee Cloaths.

Wife. Ah, you Cut-Throat! Have you not got his Cloaths upon your Back there?—Neighbours, Don't you know poor *Timothy*'s Coat and Apron?

Mob. Ay, ay! 'Tis the same!

First Mob. What shall we do with him, Neighbours?

Second Mob. We'll pull him in pieces.

First Mob. No, no; then we may be hang'd for Murder; but we'll drown him.

Clin. Ah, good People, pray don't drown me; for I never learnt to swim in all my Life. Ah, this plaguy Intriguing!

Mob. Away with him, away with him to the *Thames*.

Clin. Oh, if I had but my *Swimming-Girdle* now.

Enter Constable.

Const. Hold, Neighbours, I command the Peace.

Wife. O! Mr. Constable, here's a Rogue that has murder'd my Husband, and robb'd him of his Cloaths.

Const.

Conſt. Murder and Robbery ! Then he must be a Gentleman. Hands off there, he must not be abus'd. — Give an Account of your ſelf : Are you a Gentleman ?

Clin. No, Sir, I am a Beau.

Conſt. Then you have kill'd no body, I'm perſuaded. How came you by these Cloaths, Sir ?

Clin. You muſt know, Sir, that walking along, Sir, I don't know how, Sir ; I can't tell where, Sir ; and — so the Porter and I chang'd Cloaths, Sir.

Conſt. Very well, the Man ſpeaks Reaſon, and like a Gentleman.

Wife. But pray Mr. Conſtable, aſk him how he chang'd Cloaths with him.

Conſt. Silence, Woman, and don't diſturb the Court, — Well, Sir, how did you change Cloaths ?

Clin. Why, Sir, he pull'd off my Coat, and I drew off his ; ſo I put on his Coat, and he put on mine.

Conſt. Why Neighbours, I don't find that he's guilty : Search him ; and if he carries no Arms about him, we'll let him go.

[They ſearch his Pockets, and pull out his Piſtols.

Clin. O Gemini ! My Jubilee Piſtols.

Conſt. What, a Caſe of Piſtols ? Then the Caſe is plain. Speak, what are you, Sir ? whence come you, and whither go you ?

Clin. Sir, I came from Ruffel-Street, and am going to the Jubilee.

Wife. You ſhall go to the Gallows, you Rogue.

Conſt. Away with him, away with him to Newgate ſtrait.

Clin. I ſhall go to the Jubilee now indeed. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Wildair and Standard.

Wild. In ſhort, Colonel, 'tis all Nonſeſe ; Fight for a Woman ! Hard by is the Lady's Houſe ; if you please, we'll wait on her together : You ſhall draw your Sword ;

I'll

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I'll draw my Snuff-Box: You shall produce your Wounds receiv'd in War; I'll relate mine by *Cupid's Dart*:— You shall look big; I'll ogle:— You shall swear; I'll sigh:— You shall *sa sa*, and I'll *conge*; And if she flies not to my Arms, like a Hawk to its Perch, my Dancing-Master deserves to be damn'd.

Stand. With the generality of Women, I grant you, these Arts may prevail.

Wild. Generality of Women! Why there again you're out. They're all alike, Sir; I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

Stand. Who was she pray?

Wild. *Penelope*, I think she's call'd; and that's a Poetical Story too. When will you find a Poet in our Age make a Woman so chaste?

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, your facetious Humour can disguise Falshood, and make Calumny pass for Satyr: But you have promis'd me ocular Demonstration that she favours you: Make that good, and I shall then maintain Faith and Female to be as inconsistent as Truth and Falshood.

Wild. Nay, by what you have told me, I am satisfy'd she imposes on us all: And *Vizard* too seems what I still suspected him: But his Honesty once mistrusted, spoils his Knavery:— But will you be convinc'd if our Plot succeeds?

Stand. I rely on your Word and Honour, Sir *Harry*; which, if I doubted, my Distrust wou'd cancel the Obligation of their Security.

Wild. Then meet me half an Hour hence at the *Rummer*: You must oblige me by taking a hearty Glass with me toward the fitting me out for a certain Project, which this Night I undertake.

Stand. I guess by the Preparation, that Woman's the Design.

Wild.

Wild. Yes, Faith, — I am taken dangerously ill with two foolish Maladies, Modesty and Love ; the first I'll cure with *Burgundy*, and my Love, by a Night's Lodging with the Damsel. A sure Remedy. *Probatum est.*

Stand. I'll certainly meet you, Sir. [Exeunt severally.

Enter Clincher Junior and Dicky.

Clin. Ah ! *Dicky*, this *London* is a sad Place, a sad vicious Place : I wish that I were in the Country again : And this Brother of mine ! I'm sorry he's so great a Rake : I had rather see him dead, than see him thus.

Dick. Ah, Sir ; He'll spend his whole Estate at this same Jubilee. Who d'ye think lives at this same *Jubilee* ?

Clin. Who, pray ?

Dick. The Pope.

Clin. The Devil he does ! My Brother go to the Place where the Pope dwells ! He's bewitch'd sure.

Enter Tom Errand in Clincher Senior's Cloaths.

Dick. Indeed I believe he is, for he's strangely alter'd.

Clin. Alter'd ! Why he looks like a Jesuit already.

Err. This Lace will sell. What a Blockhead was the Fellow to trust me with his Coat ! If I can get cross the Garden, down to the Water-side, I'm pretty secure.

[*Afside.*

Clin. Brother ! — Alaw ! O *Gemini* ! Are you my Brother ?

Dick. I seize you in the King's Name, Sir.

Err. O Lord, shou'd this prove some Parliament-Man now !

Clin. Speak, you Rogue, What are you ?

Erra. A poor Porter, Sir, and going of an Errand.

Dick. What Errand ? Speak you Rogue.

Erra. A Fool's Errand, I'm afraid.

Clin.

Clin. Who sent you?

Erra. A Beau, Sir.

Dick. No, no, the Rogue has murder'd your Brother, and stript him of his Cloaths.

Clin. Murder'd my Brother! O *Crimini!* O my poor Jubilee Brother! —— Stay, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I'm Heir tho': Speak, Sirrah, Have you kill'd him? Confess that you have kill'd him, and I'll give you Half a Crown.

Erra. Who I, Sir? Alack-a-day, Sir, I never kill'd any Man, but a Carrier's Horse once.

Clin. Then you shall certainly be hang'd. But confess that you kill'd him, and we'll let you go.

Erra. Telling the Truth hangs a Man, but confessing a Lie can do no harm; besides, if the worst comes to the worst, I can but deny it again.—Well, Sir, since I muft tell you, I did kill him.

Clin. Here's your Money, Sir,—But are you sure you kill'd him dead.

Erra. Sir, I'll swear it before any Judge in *England*.

Dick. But are you sure that he's *Dead in Law*?

Erra. Dead in Law! I can't tell whether he be *Dead in Law*: But he's as dead as a Door Nail; for I gave him seven Knocks on the Head with a Hammer.

Dick. Then you have the Estate by the Statute. Any Man that's knock'd o'th' Head is *Dead in Law*.

Clin. But are you sure he was *Compos Mentis* when he was kill'd.

Erra. I suppose he was, Sir, for he told me nothing to the contrary afterwards.

Clin. Hey! —— then I go to the *Jubilee* —— Strip, Sir, strip. By *Jupiter Ammon* strip.

Dick. Ah! don't swear, Sir.

[*Puts on his Brother's Cloaths.*]

Clin. Swear, Sir; Zoons, han't I got the Estate, Sir? Come, Sir, now I'm in Mourning for my Brother.

Erra.

Erra. I hope you'll let me go now, Sir. —

Clin. Yes, yes, Sir, but you must first do me the Favour to swear positively before a Magistrate, that you kill'd him dead, that I may enter upon the Estate without any Trouble. By *Jupiter Ammon* all my Religion's gone, since I put on these fine Cloaths — Hey, call me a Coach somebody.

Erra. Ay, Master; let me go, and I'll call one immediately.

Clin. No, no, *Dicky*, carry this Spark before a Justice, and when he has made Oath, you may discharge him. And I'll go see *Angelica*. [Exeunt *Dick.* and *Errand.*] Now that I'm an elder Brother, I'll court, and swear, and rant, and rake, and go to the *Jubilee* with the best of them. [Exit.



S C E N E Lurewell's H O U S E.

Enter Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. ARE you sure that *Vizard* had my Letter?

Parl. Yes, yes, Madam, one of your Ladyship's Footmen gave it to him in the Park, and he told the Bearer, with all Transports of Joy, that he wou'd be punctual to a Minute.

Lure. Thus most Villains, some time or other, are punctual to their Ruin; and Hypocrisy, by imposing on the World, at last deceives it self. Are all Things prepar'd for his Reception?

Parl. Exactly to your Ladyship's Order, the Alderman too is just come, dress'd and cook'd up for Iniquity.

Lure. Then he has got Woman's Cloaths on.

G

Parl.

Parl. Yes, Madam, and has pass'd upon the Family
for your Nurse.

Lure. Convey him into that Closet, and put out the
Candles, and tell him, I'll wait on him presently.

[*As Parly goes to put out the Candle somebody knocks.*

Lure. This must be some Clown without Manners, or
a Gentleman above Ceremony. Who's there?

Wild. Sings.

*Thus Damon knock'd at Celia's Door,
He sigh'd, and beg'd, and wept, and swore,
The Sign was so,*

[knocks]

*She answer'd, No
[knocks thrice]*

No, no, no.

*Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,
No Damon, no, I am afraid.
Consider, Damon, I'm a Maid.*

Consider,

No,

I'm a Maid,

No, &c.

*At last his Sighs and Tears made way,
She rose, and softly turn'd the Key,
Come in, said she, but do not stay.*

I may conclude

You will be rude,

But if you are you may. [Exit *Parly.*

Wildair Enters.

Lure. 'Tis too early for Serenading, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Wheresoever Love is, there Musick is proper;
there's an harmonious Consent in their Natures, and
when rightly join'd, they make up the Chorus of
earthly Happiness.

Lure,

Lure. But, Sir Harry, what Tempest drives you here at this Hour?

Wild. No Tempest, Madam, but as fair Weather as ever entic'd a Citizen's Wife to cuckold her Husband in fresh Air. Love, Madam.

Wildair taking her by the Hand.

Lure. As pure and white as Angels soft Desires. Is't not so?

Wild. Fierce, as when ripe consenting Beauty fires.

Lure. O Villain! what Privilege has Man to our Destruction, that thus they hunt our Ruin? [Aside. If this be a Love Token, your Mistress's Favours hang very loose about you, Sir.

Wild. drops a Ring, she takes it up.

Wild. I can't justly, Madam, pay your Trouble of taking it up by any Thing, but desiring you to wear it.

Lure. You Gentlemen have the cunningest ways of playing the Fool, and are so industrious in your Profuseness. Speak seriously, am I beholden to Chance or Design for this Ring?

Wild. To Design, upon my Honour, and I hope my Design will succeed. [Aside.

Lure. And what shall I give you for such a fine Thing?

Wild. You'll give me another, you'll give me another fine Thing. [Both sing.

Lure. Shall I be free with you, Sir Harry?

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam, so I may be free with you.

Lure. Then plainly, Sir, I shall beg the Favour to see you some other Time, for at this very Minute I have two Lovers in the House.

Wild. Then to be as plain, I must be gone this Minute, for I must see another Mistress within these two Hours.

Lure. Frank and free.

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Wild. As you with me—Madam, your most humble Servant. [Exit.]

Lure. Nothing can disturb his Humour. Now for my Merchant and *Vizard.*

[Exit, and takes the Candles with her.]

Enter *Parly*, leading in *Smuggler*, dress'd in Woman's Cloaths.

Parl. This way, Mr. *Alderman.*

Smug. Well, Mrs. *Parly*,—I'm oblig'd to you for this Trouble; here are a couple of Shillings for you. Times are hard, very hard indeed, but next time I'll steal a pair of Silk Stockings from my Wife, and bring them to you—What are you fumbling about my Pockets for—

Parl. Only settling the Pleats of your Gown: here, Sir, get into this Closet, and my Lady will wait on you presently.

[Puts him into the Closet, runs out, and returns with *Vizard.*]

Viz. Where wouldst thou lead me, my dear auspicious little Pilot?

Parl. You're almost in Port, Sir; my Lady's in the Closet, and will come out to you immediately.

Viz. Let me thank thee as I ought. [Kisses her.]

Parl. P'shaw: who has hir'd me best, a couple of Shillings, or a couple of Kisses? [Exit.]

Viz. Propitious Darkness guides the Lover's Steps, and Night that shadows outward Sense, lights up our inward Joy. Night! the great awful Ruler of Mankind, which like the *Persian* Monarch, hides its Royalty to raise the Veneration of the World: Under thy easy Reign, Dissemblers may speak Truth, all slavish Forms and Ceremonies laid aside, and generous Villany may act without constraint.

Smug.

Smug. Peeping out of the Closet.] Bless me ! What Voice is this ?

Viz. Our hungry Appetites, like the wild Beasts of Prey, now scour Abroad, to gorge their craving Maws ; The Pleasure of Hypocrisy, like a chain'd Lion, once broke loose, wildly indulges its new Freedom, ranging through all unbounded Joys.

Smug. My Nephew's Voice ! and certainly possess'd with an Evil Spirit, he talks as profanely, as an Actor possess'd with a Poet.

Viz. Ha ! I hear a Voice, Madam——my Life, my Happiness, where are you, Madam ?

Smug. Madam ! he takes me for a Woman too, I'll try him. Where have you left your Sanctity, Mr. Vizard ?

Viz. Talk no more of that ungrateful Subject——I left it where it has only Business, with Day-light, 'tis needless to wear a *Mask* in the Dark.

Smug. O the Rogue, the Rogue !——The World takes you for a very sober virtuous Gentleman.

Viz. Ay, *Madam*, that adds Security to all my Pleasures——With me a Cally-Squire may squander his Estate, and ne'er be thought a Spend-thrift——With me a Holy Elder may zealously be drunk, and toast his tuneful Nose in Sack, to make it hold forth clearer——But what is most my Praise, the formal Rigid, she that rails at Vice and Men, with me secures her loosest Pleasures, and her strictest Honour——She who with scornful Mein, and virtuous Pride, disdains the Name of Whore, with me can wanton, and laugh at the deluded World.

Smug. How have I been deceiv'd ! Then you are very great among the Ladies.

Viz. Yes, *Madam*, they know that, like a Mole in the Earth, I dig deep, but invisible ; not like those

fluttering noisy Sinners, whose Pleasure is the Proclamation of their Faults, whose empty Flashes no sooner kindle, but they must blaze to alarm the World. But come, Madam, you delay our Pleasures.

Smug. He surely takes me for the Lady *Lurewell*—she has made him an Appointment too—but I'll be reveng'd of both—Well, Sir, what are those you are so intimate with.

Viz. Come, come, Madam, you know very well—those that stand so high, that the Vulgar envy even their Crimes, whose Figure adds Privilege to their Sin, and makes it pass unquestion'd; fair, high, pamper'd Females, whose speaking Eyes, and piercing Voice, would arm the Statue of a *Steick*, and animate his cold Marble with the Soul of an *Epicure*, all ravishing, lovely, soft, and kind, like you.

Smug. I am very lovely and soft indeed, you shall find me much harder than you imagine, Friend—Well, Sir, but I suppose your Dissimulation has some other Motive besides Pleasure?

Viz. Yes, Madam, the honestest Motive in the World, Interest—You must know, Madam, that I have an old Uncle, Alderman *Smuggler*, you have seen him, I suppose.

Smug. Yes, yes, I have some small Acquaintance with him.

Viz. 'Tis the most knavish, precise, covetous old Rogue, that ever died of a Gout.

Smug. Ah! the young Son of a Whore. Well, Sir, and what of him?

Viz. Hell hungers not more for wretched Souls, than he for ill-got Pelf—And yet (what's wonderful) he that would stick at no profitable Villany himself, loves Holiness in another—He prays all Sunday for the Sins of the Week past—he spends all Dinner-time in two tedious Graces, and what he designs a Blessing

a Blessing to the Meat, proves a Curse to his Family—
he's the most—

Smug. Well, well, Sir, I know him very well.

Viz. Then, Madam, he has a swinging Estate, which I design to purchase as a Saint, and spend like a Gentleman. He got it by Cheating, and shou'd lose it by Deceit. By the Pretence of my Zeal and Sobriety, I'll cozen the old Miser one of these Days out of a Settlement, and Deed of Conveyance—

Smug. It shall be a Deed to convey you to the Gallows then, you young Dog. [Aside.]

Viz. And no sooner he's Dead, but I'll rattle over his Grave with a Coach and Six, to inform his covetous Ghost how genteely I spend his Money.

Smug. I'll prevent you, Boy, for I'll have my Money bury'd with me. [Aside.]

Viz. Bless me, Madam, here's a Light coming this way, I must fly immediately. When shall I see you, Madam?

Smug. Sooner than you expect, my Dear.

Viz. Pardon me, dear Madam, I wou'd not be seen for the World. I wou'd sooner forfeit my Life, nay, my Pleasure, than my Reputation. [Exit.]

Smug. Reputation! Reputation! that poor Word suffers a great deal— Well! thou art the most accomplish'd Hypocrite that ever made a grave plodding Face over a Dish of Coffee, and a Pipe of Tobacco; he owes me for seven Years Maintenance, and shall pay me by seven Years Imprisonment: And when I die, I'll leave him to the Fee-simple of a Rope and a Shilling— Who are these? I begin to be afraid of some Mischief — I wish that I were safe within the City Liberties — I'll hide my self. [Stands close.]

Enter Butler with other Servants and Lights.

But. I say, there are two Spoons wanting, and I'll search

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search the whole House.—Two Spoons will be no small Gap in my Quarter's Wages—

Serv. When did you miss them, *James*?

But. Miss them, why, I miss them now; in short, they must be among you, and if you don't return them, I'll go to the Cunning-Man to Morrow-Morning: my Spoons I want, and my Spoons I will have.

Serv. Come, come, search about. [Search and discover Smuggler.] Ah! Who's this?

But. Harkee, good Woman, What makes you hide your self? What are you ashame'd of?

Smug. Ashame'd of! O Lord, Sir, I'm an honest Old Woman that never was ashame'd of any Thing.

But. What are you, a Midwife then? Speak, did not you see a couple of stray Spoons in your Travels?

Smug. Stray Spoons!

But. Ay, ay, stray Spoons; in short you stole them and I'll shake your old Limbs to pieces, if you don't deliver them presently.

Smug. Bless me! a Reverend Elder of Seventy Years old, accus'd for *Petty Larceny*!—Why, search me, good People, search me, and if you find any Spoons about me, you shall burn me for a Witch.

But. Ay, ay, we will search you, Mistress.

[They search, and pull the Spoons out of his Pockets.

Smug. Oh! the Devil, the Devil!

But. Where, where is he? Lord bless us, she is a Witch in good Earnest, may be.

Smug. O, it was some Devil, some *Covent-Garden*, or St. *James's* Devil, that put them in my Pocket.

But. Ay, ay, you shall be hanged for a Thief, burnt for a Witch, and then carted for a Bawd. Speak, what are you?

Enter *Lurewell*.

Smug. I'm the Lady *Lurewell's* Nurse.

Lure.

Lure. What Noise is this?

But. Here is an old *Succubus*, Madam, that has stole two Silver Spoons, and says, she's your Nurse.

Lure. My Nurse! O the impudent old Jade, I never saw the wither'd Creature before.

Smug. Then I'm finely caught, O, Madam! Madam, Don't you know me? Don't you remember Buss and Guinea?

Lure. Was ever such Impudence? I know thee! why thou'rt as brazen as a Bawd in the Side-Box—Take her before a Justice; and then to *Newgate*. Away.

Smug. O! consider, Madam, that I'm an Alderman.

Lure. Consider, Sir, that you're a Compound of Covetousness, Hypocrify, and Knavery; and must be punish'd accordingly—You must be in Petticoats, gouty Monster, must ye! You must Buss and Guinea too, you must tempt a Lady's Honour, old Satyr; away with him. *[Hurry him off.]*

Still may our Sex thus Frauds of Men oppose,

Still may our Arts delude these tempting Foes.

May Honour rule, and never fall betray'd,

But Vice be caught in Nets for Virtue laid.

The End of the fourth A C T.

A C T



ACT V.

SCENE *Lady Darling's House.**Darling and Angelica.**DARLING.*

AUGHTER, since you have to deal with a Man of so peculiar a Temper, you must not think the general Arts of Love can secure him; you may therefore allow such a Courtier some Encouragement extraordinary, without Reprach to your Modesty.

Angel. I am sensible, *Madam*, that a formal Nicety makes our Modesty fit aukward, and appears rather a Chain to enslave, than a Bracelet to adorn us.—It shou'd shew, when unmolested, easy and innocent as a Dove; but strong and vigorous as a Faulcon, when assaulted.

Darl. I'm afraid, Daughter, you mistake Sir *Harry's* Gaiety for Dishonour.

Angel. Though Modesty, *Madam*, may wink, it must not sleep, when powerful Enemies are Abroad.—I must confess, that of all Men's, I wou'd not see Sir *Harry Wildair's* Faults; nay, I cou'd wrest his most suspicious

suspicious Words a thousand ways, to make them look like Honour——But, *Madam*, in spight of Love I must hate him, and curse those Practices which taint our Nobility, and rob all Virtuous Women of the bravest Men——

Darl. You must certainly be mistaken, *Angelica*; for I'm satisfy'd Sir *Harry*'s Designs are only to court and marry you.

Angel. His Pretence, perhaps, was such; but Women now, like Enemies, are attack'd; whether by Treachery, or fairly conquer'd, the Glory of Triumph is the same——Pray, *Madam*, by what Means were you made acquainted with his Desings?

Darl. Means, Child! why my Cousin *Vizard*, who, I'm sure, is your sincere Friend, sent him. He brought me this Letter from my Cousin——

[*Gives her the Letter, which she opens.*

Angel. Ha! *Vizard!* then I'm abus'd in Earnest——Wou'd Sir *Harry*, by his Instigation, fix a base Affront upon me? No, I can't suspect him of so ungenteel a Crime——This Letter shall trace the Truth——[*Aside.* My Suspicions, *Madam*, are much clear'd, and I hope to satisfy your Ladyship in my Management, when next I see Sir *Harry*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's a Gentleman below calls himself *Wildair*.

Darl. Conduct him up. Daughter, I won't doubt your Discretion.

[*Exit Darling.*

Enter Wildair.

Wild. O the Delights of Love and *Burgundy*!——*Madam*, I have toasted your Ladyship fifteen Bumpers successively, and swallow'd *Cupids* like *Loches* to every Glass.

Angel. And what then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, *Madam*, the Wine has got into my Head; and the *Cupids* into my Heart, and unless by quenching quick my Flame, you kindly ease the Smart, I'm a lost Man, *Madam*.

Angel. Drunkenness, Sir *Harry*, is the worst Pretence a Gentleman can make for Rudeness: For the Excuse is as scandalous as the Fault: — Therefore pray consider who you are so free with, Sir; a Woman of Condition, that can call half a dozen Footmen upon Occasion.

Wild. Nay, *Madam*, If you have a mind to toss me in a Blanket, half a dozen Chambermaids would do better Service. — Come, come, *Madam*, tho' the Wine makes me lisp, yet has it taught me to speak plainer. By all the Dust of my ancient Progenitors, I must this Night quarter my Coat of Arms with yours.

Angel. Nay, then, who waits there? [Enter Footmen. Take hold of that Madman, and bind him.

Wild. Nay, then *Burgundy*'s the Word, and Slaughter will ensue. Hold, do you know, Scoundrels, that I have been drinking victorious *Burgundy*? [Draws.

Servants. We know you're drunk, Sir.

Wild. Then how have you the Impudence, Rascals, to assault a Gentleman with a couple of Flasks of Courage in his Head?

Servants. Sir, we must do as our young Mistress commands us.

Wild. Nay, then, have among ye, Dogs.

[Throws Money among them: They scramble and take it up: He pelting them out, shuts the Door, and returns.

Rascals, Poltroons. — I have charm'd the Dragon, and now the Fruit's my own.

Angel.

Angel. O, the mercenary Wretches ! This was a Plot to betray me.

Wild. I have put the whole Army to Flight : And now take the General Prisoner. [Laying hold on her.

Angel. I conjure you, Sir, by the Sacred Name of Honour, by your dead Father's Name, and the fair Reputation of your Mother's Chastity, that you offer not the least Offence. —— Already you have wrong'd me past Redress.

Wild. Thou art the most unaccountable Creature.

Angel. What Madness, Sir *Harry*, what wild Dream of loose Desire, cou'd prompt you to attempt this Baseness ? View me well — The Brightness of my Mind, methinks, should lighten outwards, and let you see your Mistake in my Behaviour. I think it shines with so much Innocence in my Face, that it should dazzle all your vicious Thoughts : Think not I am defenceless 'cause alone. Your very self is Guard against your self : I'm sure there's something generous in your Soul ; my Words shall search it out, and Eyes shall fire it for my own Defence.

Wild. Mimicking.] *Tal ti dum, ti dum, tal ti didi, didum.* A Million to one now, but this Girl is just come flush from reading the *Rival Queens* — I'gad, I'll at her in her own Cant. —— *O my Statyra, O my angry Dear, turn thy Eyes on me ; Behold thy Beau in Bulkins.*

Angel. Behold me, Sir ; View me with a sober Thought, free from those Fumes of Wine that throw a Mist before your Sight, and you shall find that every Glance from my reproaching Eyes is armed with sharp Resentment, and with a virtuous Pride that looks Dishonour dead.

Wild. This is the first Whore in *Heroicks* that I have met with. [Aside.] Look ye, Madam, as to that slender particular of your Virtue, we shan't quarrel about it,

you may be as virtuous as any Woman in *England*, if you please; you may say your Prayers all the Time—But pray, Madam, be pleas'd to consider what is this fame Virtue that you make such a mighty Noise about—Can your Virtue bespeak you a Front Row in the Boxes? No; For the Players can't live upon Virtue. Can your Virtue keep you a Coach and Six? No, no; Your virtuous Women walk a-Foot—Can your Virtue hire you a Pew in a Church? Why, the very Sexton will tell you, No. Can your Virtue stake for you at Picquet? No. Then what Busines has a Woman with Virtue—Come, come, Madam, I offered you fifty Guineas.—there's a hundred—The Devil! Virtuous still! Why, 'tis a hundred, five score, a hundred Guineas.

Angel. O Indignation! Were I a Man you durst not use me thus; But the mean, poor Abuse you throw on me, reflects upon your self; Our Sex still strikes an Awe upon the Brave, and only Cowards dare affront a Woman.

Wild. Affront! S'death, Madam, a hundred Guineas will set you up at Baslet; a hundred Guineas will furnish out your Lodgings with China; a hundred Guineas will give you an Air of Quality; a hundred Guineas will buy you a rich Escritore for your Billet-deux, or a fine Common-Prayer-Book for your Virtue. A hundred Guineas will buy an hundred fine Things, and fine Things are for fine Ladies; and fine Ladies are for fine Gentlemen; and fine Gentlemen are—l'gad this *Burgundy* makes a Man speak like an *Angel*. Come, come, Madam, take it, and put it to what Use you please.

Angel. I'll use it, as I wou'd the base unworthy Giver thus. [Throws down the Purse, and stamps upon it.]

Wild. I have no Mind to meddle in State-Affairs; but these Women will make me a Parliament Man, spight o'

my Teeth, on purpose to bring in a Bill against their Extortion. She tramples under Foot that Deity which all the World adores.—O the blooming Pride of beautiful Eighteen ! P'shaw, I'll talk to her no longer, I'll make my Market with the old Gentlewoman, she knows Business better,—[Goes to the Door.] Here you Friend, pray desire the old Lady to walk in.—Harkee, by Gad, Madam, I'll tell your Mother.

Enter Darling.

Darl. Well, Sir Harry, and hew d'ye like my Daughter, pray ?

Wild. Like her, Madam ! — harkee, Will you take it ? Why faith, Madam ! — Take the Money, I say, or, I'gad, all's out.

Angel. All shall out; Sir, you're a Scandal to the Name of a Gentleman.

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam — In short, Madam, your Daughter has us'd me somewhat too familiarly, tho' I have treated her like a Woman of Quality.

Darl. How, Sir ?

Wild. Why, Madam, I have offer'd her a hundred Guineas.

Darl. A hundred Guineas ! Upon what Score ?

Wild. Upon what Score ! Lord, Lord, how these old Women love to hear baudy ! Why Faith, Madam, I have ne'er a double Entendre ready at present, but I'll sing you a Song.

*Behold the Goldfinches, tall al de rall,
And a Man of my Inches, tall al de rall,
You shall take um believe me, tall al de rall,
If you will give me, your tall al de rall.*

A modish Minuet, Madam, that's all.

Darl. Sir, I don't understand you.

Wild. Ay, she will have it in plain Terms; then Madam, in downright *English*, I offer'd your Daughter a hundred Guineas, to—

Angel. Hold, Sir, stop your abusive Tongue, too loose for modest Ears to bear.—Madam, I did before suspect that his Designs were base, now they're too plain; this Knight, this mighty Man of Wit and Humour, is made a Tool to a Knave; *Vizard* has sent him of a Bully's Errand, to affront a Woman; but I scorn the Abuse, and him that offer'd it.

Darl. How, Sir, come to affront us! D'ye know who we are, Sir?

Wild. Know who ye are! Why your Daughter there is Mr. *Vizard*'s Cousin, I suppose;—and for you, Madam—now to call her *Procureuse Alamode France*.

[*Aside.*] *J'estime votre Occupation.*—

Darl. Pray Sir, speak *English*.

Wild. Then to define her Office, *Alamode Londres*! [*Aside.*] I suppose your Ladyship to be one of those civil, obliging, discreet old Gentlewomen, who keep their Visiting Days for the Entertainment of their presenting Friends, whom they treat with Imperial Tea, a private Room, and a Pack of Cards. Now I suppose you understand me.

Darl. This is beyond Sufferance; but say, thou abusive Man, what Injury have you e're receiv'd from me, or mine, thus to engage you in this scandalous Asper-sion?

Angel. Yes, Sir, what Cause, what Motives could induce you thus to debase your self below your Rank?

Wild. Hey day! Now Dear *Roxana*, and you my fair *Statyra*, be not so very Heroick in your Styles. *Vizard*'s Letter may resolve you, and answer all the impertinent Questions you have made me.

Both Women. We appeal to that.

Wild.

Wild. And I'll stand to't, he read it to me, and the Contents were pretty plain I thought.

Angel. Here, Sir, peruse it, and see how much we are injur'd, and you deceived.

Wild. [Opening the Letter.] But hold, Madam, [to *Darling*] before I read, I'll make some Conditions—
Mr. Vizard says here, that I won't scruple 30 or 40 Pieces; Now, Madam, if you have clapt in another Cypher to the Account, and made it 3 or 4 Hundred, by Gad, I will not stand to't.

Angel. Now can't I tell whether Disdain or Anger be the most just Resentment for this Injury.

Darl. The Letter, Sir, shall answer you.

Wild. Well then! [Reads].

Out of the earnest Inclination to serve your Ladyship,
and my Cousin Angelica—Ay, ay, the very Words. I can say it by heart—I have sent *Sir Harry Wildair*—to court my Cousin—What the Devil's this? Sent *Sir Harry Wildair* to court my Cousin—he read to me a quite different Thing—He's a Gentleman of great Parts and Fortune—He's a Son of a Whore and a Rascal—and wou'd make your Daughter very happy, [Whistles] in a Husband. [Looks foolish and hums a Song.] Oh poor *Sir Harry*, what have thy angry Stars design'd?

Angel. Now, Sir, I hope you need no Instigation to redress our Wrongs, since even the Injury points the way.

Darl. Think, Sir, that our Blood for many Generations, has run in the purest Channel of unselfly'd Honour.

Wild. Ay, Madam.

[Bows to her.]

Angel. Consider, what a tender Blossom is Female Reputation, which the least Air of foul Detraction blasts.

Wild. Yes, Madam.

[Bows to i' other.]

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Darl. Call then to mind your rude and scandalous Behaviour.

Wild. Right, Madam.

[Bows again.]

Angel. Remember the base Price you offer'd me. [Exit.]

Wild. Very true, Madam. Was ever Man so catechiz'd?

Darl. Then think that *Vizard*, Villain *Vizard*, caus'd all this, yet lives; that's all, farewell. [Going.]

Wild. Stay, Madam, [to Darling] one Word; is there no other way to redress your Wrongs, but by fighting?

Darl. Only one, Sir; which if you can think of, you may do: You know the Busines I entertain'd you for.

Wild. I understand you, Madam. [Exit Darling.] Here am I brought to a very pretty Dilemma; I must commit Murder, or commit Matrimony. Which is best now? A Licence from *Doctors Commons*, or a Sentence from the *Old Baily*? If I kill my Man, the Law hangs me; if I marry my Woman, I shall hang my self;—But, Damn it—Cowards dare fight, I'll marry, that's the most daring Action of the two, so my dear Cousin *Angelica* have at you.



SCENE *Newgate, Clincher, Sen. solus.*

Clin. HOW severe and melancholy are *Newgate* Reflections? Last Week my Father died: Yesterday I turn'd Beau: To Day I am laid by the Heels, and to Morrow shall be hung by the Neck—I was agreeing with a Bookseller about Printing an Account of my Journey through *France* to *Italy*; but now the History

story of my Travels thro' Holborn to Tyburn—*The last dying Speech of Beau Clincher, that was going to the Jubilee*—Come, a Half-penny a piece. A sad Sound, a sad Sound, 'Faith. 'Tis one Way to have a Man's Death make a great Noise in the World.

Enter Smuggler and Goaler.

Smug. Well, Friend, I have told you who I am: So send these Letters into *Thames-Street*, as directed; they are to Gentlemen that will bail me. [Exit Goaler. Eh! This *Newgate* is a very populous Place: Here's Robbery and Repentance in every Corner—Well, Friend, What are you, a Cut-throat, or a Bum-Bayliff?

Clin. What are you, Mistress, a Bawd, or a Witch? Harkee, if you are a Witch, d'ye see, I'll give you a hundred Pounds to mount me on a Broomstaff, and whip me away to the *Jubilee*.

Smug. The *Jubilee*! O, you young Rake-hell, What brought you here?

Clin. Ah, you old Rogue, What brought you here, if you go to that?

Smug. I knew, Sir, what your Powdering, your Prinking, your Dancing, and your Frisking, wou'd come to.

Clin. And I knew what your Cozening, your Extortion and your Smuggling wou'd come to.

Smug. Ay, Sir, you must break your Indentures, and run to the Devil in a full-bottom Wig, must you?

Clin. Ay, Sir, and you must put off your Gravity, and run to the Devil in Petticoats:—You design to swing in *Masquerade*, Master, d'ye?

Smug. Ay, you must go to Plays too, Sirrah: Lord, Lord! What Business has a Prentice at a Play-house, unless it be to hear his Master made a Cuckold, and his Mistress a Whore? 'Tis ten to one now, but some malitious

ious Poet has my Character upon the Stage within this Month: 'Tis a hard Matter now, that an honest sober Man cannot fin in private for this plaguy Stage. — I gave an honest Gentleman five Guineas my self towards writing a Book against it; and it has done no good, we see.

Clin. Well, well, Master, take Courage! our Comfort is, we have liv'd together, and shall die together; only with this Difference, that I have liv'd like a Fool, and shall die like a Knave; and you have liv'd like a Knave, and shall die like a Fool.

Smug. No, Sirrah! I have sent a Messenger for my Cloaths, and shall get out immediately, and shall be upon your Jury by and by.—Go to Prayers, you Rogue, go to Prayers.

[*Exit Smug.*]

Clin. Prayers! 'Tis a hard taking when a Man must say Grace to the Gallows.—Ah, this cursed Intriguing! Had I swung handsomely in a Silken Garter now, I had died in my Duty; but to hang in Hemp, like the Vulgar, 'tis very ungenteel.

Enter Tom Errand.

A Reprieve, a Reprieve, thou dear, dear—damn'd Rogue, where have you been? Thou art the most welcome—Son of a Whore, Where's my Cloaths?

Erra. Sir, I see where mine are: Sir, strip, Sir, strip.

Clin. What, Sir, will you abuse a Gentleman?

Erra. A Gentleman! Ha, ha, ha, D'ye know where you are, Sir? We're all Gentlemen here,—I stand up for Liberty and Property—Newgate's a Commonwealth. No Courtier has Busines among us; Come, Sir.

Clin. Well, but stay, till I send for my own Cloaths; I shall get out presently.

Erra.

Erra. No, no, Sir, I'll have you into the Dungeon, and uncase you.

Clin. Sir, you can't master me; for I'm twenty thousand strong.

[*Exeunt struggling.*



*The SCENE changes to Lady Darling's
HOUSE.*

Enter Wildair with Letters; Servants following.

Wild. **H**ERE, fly all around, and bear these as directed; you to *Westminster*,—you to *St. James's*—and you into the City—Tell all my Friends a Bridegroom's Joy invites their Presence: Look all of ye like Bridegrooms also: All appear with hospitable Looks, and bear a Welcome in your Faces.—Tell 'em I'm married. If any ask to whom, make no Reply; but tell 'em that I'm married, that Joy shall crown the Day, and Love the Night. Be gone,

Enter Standard.

A Thousand Welcomes, Friend: My Pleasure's now compleat, since I can share it with my Friend: Brisk Joy shall bound from me to you: Then back again; and, like the Sun, grow warmer by Reflexion.

Stand. You're always pleasant, Sir *Harry*, but this transcends your self; Whence proceeds it?

Wild. Canst thou not guess? My Friend—Whence flows all earthly Joy? What is the Life of Man, and Soul

Soul of Pleasure? — *Woman* — What fires the Heart with Transport, and the Soul with Raptures? *Lovely Woman*. — What is the Master-stroke and Smile of the Creation, but *Charming virtuous Woman*? — When Nature in the general Composition first brought Woman forth, like a flush'd Poet, ravish'd with his Fancy, with Extasy: The blest, the fair Production — Methinks, my Friend, you relish not my Joy. What is the Cause?

Stand. Canst thou not guess? — What is the Bane of Man, and Scourge of Life, but *Woman*? — What is the Heathenish Idol Man sets up, and is damn'd for worshipping? *Treacherous Woman*: — What are those whose Eyes, like Basilisks, shine beautiful for sure Destruction, whose Smiles are dangerous as the Grin of Fiends? But *false deluding Woman* — Woman, whose Composition inverts Humanity; their Bodies are heavenly, but their Souls are Clay.

Wild. Come, come, Colonel, this is too much: I know your Wrongs receiv'd from *Lurewell*, may excuse your Resentment against her: But 'tis unpar-donable to charge the Failings of a single Woman upon the whole Sex. — I have found one whose Virtues —

Stand. So have I, Sir *Harry*; I have found one whose Pride's above yielding to a Prince: And if Lying, Dissembling, Perjury and Falshood, be no Breaches in Woman's Honour, she's as innocent as Infancy.

Wild. Well, Colonel, I find your Opinion grows stronger by Opposition, I shall now therefore wave the Argument, and only beg you for this Day, to make a Shew of Complaisance at least — Here comes my charming Bride.

Enter Darling and Angelica.

Stand. Saluting *Angelica*. I wish you, Madam, all the Joys of Love and Fortune.

Enter

Enter Clincher, junior.

Clin. Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm just upon the Spur,
and have only a Minute to take my Leave.

Wild. Whither are you bound, Sir?

Clin. Bound, Sir ! I'm going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Darl. Bless me, Cousin ! How came ye by these
Cloaths ?

Clin. Cloaths ! Ha, ha, ha, the rarest Jest ! Ha, ha,
ha ; I shall burst, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I shall burst.

Darl. What's the Matter, Cousin ?

Clin. The Matter ; Ha, ha, ha : Why, an honest
Porter, ha, ha, ha, has knock'd out my Brother's
Brains, ha, ha, ha.

Wild. A very good Jest, i'faith, ha, ha, ha.

Clin. Ay, Sir, but the best Jest of all is, he knock'd
out his Brains with a Hammer, and so is as dead as a
Door-nail, ha, ha, ha.

Darl. And do you laugh, Wretch ?

Clin. Laugh ! ha, ha, ha. Let me see e'er a younger
Brother in *England* that won't laugh at such a Jest.

Angel. You appear'd a very sober, pious Gentleman
some Hours ago.

Clin. P'shaw, I was a Fool then : But now, *Madam*,
I'm a Wit : I can rake now. — As for your Part,
Madam, you might have had me once : — but now,
Madam, if you shou'd by chance fall to eating Chalk,
or knawing the Sheets, 'tis none of my Fault. —
Now, *Madam* — I have got an Estate, I must go to
the *Jubilee*.

Enter Clincher Senior, *in a Blanket*.

Clin. sen. Must you so, Rogue, must you ? — You
will go to the *Jubilee*, will you ?

Clin. jun. A Ghost, a Ghost — Send for the Dean
and Chapter presently.

Clin.

Clin. sen. A Ghost! no, no, Sirrah, I'm an elder Brother; Rogue.

Clin. jun. I don't care a Farthing for that; I'm sure you're Dead in Law.

Clin. sen. Why so, Sirrah, why so?

Clin. jun. Because, Sir, I can get a Fellow to swear he knock'd out your Brains.

Wild. An odd way of swearing a Man out of his Life.

Clin. jun. Smell him, Gentlemen, he has a deadly Scent about him.—

Clin. sen. Truly the Apprehensions of Death may have made me favour a little—O Lord—The Colonel! the Apprehension of him may make me favour worse, I'm afraid.

Clin. jun. In short, Sir, were you Ghost, or Brother, or Devil, I will go to the *Jubilee*, by *Jupiter Ammon.*

Stand. Go to the *Jubilee!* go to the *Bear-Garden*—The Travel of such Fools as you, doubly injures our Country; you expose our native Follies, which ridicules us amongst Strangers, and return fraught only with their Vices, which you vend here for fashionable Gallantry; a travelling Fool is as dangerous as a home-bred Villain—Get ye to your native Plough and Cart, converse with Animals like your selves, Sheep and Oxen; Men are Creatures you don't understand.

Wild. Let 'em alone, Colonel, their Folly will be now diverting. Come, Gentlemen, we'll dispute this Point some other Time; I hear some Fiddles tuning; let's hear how they can entertain us: Be pleas'd to sit.

Here Singing and Dancing. After which a Servant Whispers Wildair.

Wild. Madam, Shall I beg you to entertain the Company in the next Room for a Moment? [To Darling.

Darl. With all my Heart—Come, Gentlemen.

[Ex. *Omnes but Wild.*]

Wild. A Lady to enquire for me? Who can this be?

Enter Lurewell.

O, Madam, this Favour is beyond my Expectation, to come uninvited to dance at my Wedding —— What d'ye gaze at, *Madam*?

Lure. A *Monster* —— if thou art marry'd, thou'rt the most perjur'd Wretch that e'er avouch'd Deceit.

Wild. Hey day; Why, *Madam*, I'm sure I never swore to marry you; I made indeed a slight Promise, upon Condition of your granting me a small Favour, but you wou'd not consent, you know.

Lure. How he upbraids me with my Shame —— Can you deny your binding Vows when this appears a Witness 'gainst your Falshood. [Shows a Ring.] Methinks the *Motto* of this Sacred Pledge shou'd flash Confusion in your guilty Face —— Read, read here the binding Words of *Love and Honour*; Words not unknown to your perfidious Eyes —— tho' utter Strangers to your treacherous Heart.

Wild. The Woman's stark staring mad, that's certain.

Lure. Was it maliciously designed to let me find my Misery when past Redress; to let me know you, only to know you false —— Had not cursed Chance shew'd me the surprizing *Motto*, I had been happy —— The first Knowledge I had of you was fatal to me, and this second worse.

Wild. What the Devil's all this! *Madam*, I'm not at Leisure for Raillery at present; I have weighty Affairs upon my Hands; the Busines of Pleasure; *Madam*, any other Time ——

Lure. Stay, I conjure you, stay.

Wild. Faith, I can't, my Bride expects me; but, harkee, when the Honey-Moon is over, about a Month or two hence, I may do you a small Favour. [Exit.

Lure. Grant me some wild Expressions, Heavens, or I shall burst—Woman's Weakness, Man's Falshood, my own Shame, and Love's Disdain, at once swell up my Breast—Words, Words, or I shall burst. [Going.

Enter Standard.

Stand. Stay, *Madam*, you need not shun my Sight; for if you are perfect Woman, you have Confidence to out-face a Crime, and bear the Charge of Guilt without a Blush.

Lure. The Charge of Guilt! What making a Fool of you! I've don't, and glory in the Act; the Heigh of Female Justice were to make you all hang or drown dissembling to the Prejudice of Men is Virtue; and every Look, or Sign, or Smile, or Tear, that can deceive, is meritorious.

Stand. Very pretty Principles truly—If there be Truth in Woman, 'tis now in thee—Come, *Madam*, you know that you're discovered; and, being sensible you can't escape, you wou'd now turn to Bay. That Ring, *Madam*, proclaims you Guilty.

Lure. O Monster, Villain, perfidious Villain! Has he told you?

Stand. I'll tell it you, and loudly too.

Lure. O, name it not—Yes, speak it out, 'tis just a Punishment for putting Faith in Man, that I will bear it all; and let credulous Maids that trust the Honour to the Tongues of Men, thus hear their Sham proclaim'd—Speak now, what his busy Scandal, and your improving Malice both dare utter.

Stand. Your Falshood can't be reach'd by Malice, nor by Satyr; your Actions are the justest Libel on your Fame—Your Words, your Looks, your Tears,

did believe in spight of common Fame. Nay, 'gainst my own Eyes, I still maintain'd your Truth. I imagin'd Wildair's boasting of your Favours, to be the pure Result of his own Vanity: At last he urged your taking Presents of him, as a convincing Proof of which, you Yesterday, from him receiv'd that Ring——which Ring, that I might be sure he gave it, I lent him for that Purpose.

Lure. Ha! you lent him for that purpose?

Stand. Yes, yes, Madam, I lent him for that purpose——no denying it——I know it well, for I have worn it long, and desire you now, Madam, to restore it to the just Owner.

Lure. The just Owner! think Sir, think but of what Importance 'tis to own it; if you have *Love and Honour* in your Soul, 'tis then most justly yours; if not, you are a Robber, and have stol'n it basely.

Stand. Ha——your Words, like meeting Flints, have struck a Light to shew me something strange——But tell me instantly, is not your real Name *Manly*?

Lure. Answer me first, did not you receive this Ring about twelve Years ago?

Stand. I did.

Lure. And were not you about that time entertain'd two Nights at the House of Sir *Oliver Manly* in Oxfordshire?

Stand. I was, I was. [runs to her, and embraces her.] The blest Remembrance fires my Soul with Transport—I know the rest—you are the charming She, and I the happy Man.

Lure. How has blind Fortune stumbled on the right!—But where have you wander'd since? 'Twas cruel to forsake me.

Stand. The Particulars of my Fortune were too tedious now; but to discharge my self from the Stain of Dishonour, I must tell you, that immediately upon my

100 *The Constant Couple: Or,*

Return to the University, my elder Brother and I quarrell'd; my Father, to prevent farther Mischief, posts me away to travel; I writ to you from *London*, but fear the Letter came not to your Hands.

Lure. I never had the least Account of you by Letter or otherwise.

Stand. Three Years I liv'd abroad, and at my Return, found you were gone out of the Kingdom, tho' none cou'd tell me whither; missing you thus, I went to *Flanders*, serv'd my King 'till the Peace commenc'd; then fortunately going on Board at *Amsterdam*, one Ship transported us both to *England*. At the first Sight I loved tho' ignorant of the hidden Cause—You may remember, Madam, that talking once of Marriage, I told you I was engaged; to your dear self I meant.

Lure. Then Men are still most generous and brave—And to reward your Truth, an Estate of three thousand Pounds a Year waits your Acceptance; and if I can satisfy you in my past Conduct, and the Reason that engaged me to deceive all Men, I shall expect the honourable Performance of your Promise, and that you wou'd stay with me in *England*.

Stand. Stay! Not Fame, nor Glory, we'll part no more. My Honour can be no where more concern'd than here.

Enter Wildair, Angelica, both Clinchers.

Oh, Sir *Harry*, Fortune has acted Miracles; the Story strange and tedious, but all amounts to this; that Woman's Mind is charming as her Person, I am made Convert too to Beauty.

Wild. I wanted only this to make my Pleasure perfect.

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. So, Gentlemen and Ladies, is my Gracious Nephew *Vizard* among ye?

Wild. Sir, he dares not shew his Face among such honourable Company; for your gracious Nephew is—

Smug. What, Sir? Have a care what you say.

Wild. A Villain, Sir.

Smug. With all my Heart——I'll pardon you the beating me for that very Word. And pray Sir *Harry*, when you see him next, tell him this News from me, that I have disinherited him; that I will leave him as poor as a disbanded Quarter-Master. And this is the positive and stiff Resolution of Threescore and Ten; an Age that sticks as obstinately to its Purpose, as to the old Fashion of its Cloak.

Wild. You see, Madam, [to *Angel*.] how industriously Fortune has punished his Offence to you.

Angel. I can scarcely, Sir, reckon it an Offence, considering the happy Consequence of it.

Smug. O, Sir *Harry*, he's as hypocritical——

Lure. As your self, Mr. Alderman: How fares my good old Nurse, pray Sir?

Smug. O, Madam, I shall be even with you before I part with your Writings and Money, that I have in my Hands.

Stand. A Word with you, Mr. Alderman. Do you know this Pocket-Book?

Smug. O Lord, it contains an Account of my secret Practices in trading. [Aside.] How came you by it, Sir?

Stand. Sir *Harry* here duided it out of your Pocket at this Lady's House Yesterday: It contains an Account of some secret Practices in your merchandizing; among the rest, the Counterpart of an Agreement with a Correspondent at *Bourdeaux*, about transporting French Wine in Spanish Casks——First return this Lady all her Writings, then I shall consider whether I shall lay your Proceedings before the Parliament or not, whose Justice will never suffer your Smuggling to go unpunished.

Smug. O my poor Ship and Cargo.

Clin.

Clin. sen. Hearke, Master, you had as good come along with me to the Jubilee now.

Angel. Come, Mr. Alderman, for once let a Woman advise; Wou'd you be thought an honest Man, banish Covetousness, that worst Gout of Age; Avarice is a poor pilfering Quality of the Soul, and will as certainly cheat, as a Thief wou'd steal——Wou'd you be thought a Reformer of the Times, be less severe in your Censures, less rigid in your Precepts, and more strict in your Example.

Wild. Right, Madam, Virtue flows freer from Imitation, than Compulsion; of which, Colonel, your Conversion and mine are just Examples.

*In vain are musty Morals taught in Schools,
By rigid Teachers, and as rigid Rules;
Where Virtue, with a frowning Aspect stands,
And frights the Pupil from its rough Commands.
But Woman——*

*Charming Woman, can true Converts make,
We love the Precepts for the Teacher's sake.
Virtue in them appears so bright, so gay,
We bear with Transport, and with Pride obey.*





E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. W I L K S.

*N*OW all depart, each his respective Way,
To spend an Evening's Chat upon the Play;
Some to Hippolito's; one homeward goes,
And one, with loving She, retires to th' Rose:
The Amorous Pair to all things frank and free,
Perhaps may save the Play, in Number Three.
The tearing Spark, if Phillis ought gainsays,
Breaks th' Drawer's Head, kicks her, and murders Bays.
To Coffee some retreat to save their Pockets,
Others more generous damn the Play at Locket's.
But there, I hope, the Author's Fears are vain.
Malice ne're spoke in generous Champaign.
That Poet merits an ignoble Death,
Who fears to fall over a brave Monteth.
The Privilege of Wine we only ask,
You'll taste again before you damn the Flask.
Our Author fears not you; but those he may,
Who, in cold Blood, murder a Man in Tea.
Those Men of Spleen, who fond the World shou'd know it,
Sit down, and for their Two-Pence damn a Poet.
Their Criticism's good, that we can say for't.
They understand a Play——too well to pay for't.
From Box to Stage, from Stage to Box they run,
First steal the Play, then damn it when they've done.
But now to know what Fate may us betide,
Among our Friends in Cornhill and Cheapside.

E P I L O G U E.

*But those I think have but one Rule for Plays ;
They'll say they're good, if so the World says.
If it shou'd please them, - and their Spouses know it,
They straight enquire what kind of Man's the Poet.
But from Side-Box we dread a fearful Doom,
All the good natur'd Beaux are gone to Rome.
The Ladies Censure I'd almost forgot,
Then for a Line or two t'engage their Vote.
But that way's old below our Author's Aim,
No less than his whole Play is Compliment to them.
For their Sakes then the Play can't miss succeeding,
Tho' Criticks may want Wit, They have good Breeding.
They won't, I'm sure, forfeit the Ladies Graces,
By shewing their Ill-nature to their Faces.
Our Busness, with good Manners may be done,
Flatter us here, and damn us when you're gone.*

F I N I S.

